Interview with BLUE THUNDER and ALIEN's Dan O'Bannon

HEAVY METAL

July 1983
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CONTENTS

HEAVY METAL JULY 1983 VOL. VII NO. 4

Illustration by Peter Kuper

Dossier, edited by **Lou Stathis**, 4

Ranxerox, by **Tamburini**. Illustrated by **Liberatore**, 13

The Odyssey, by **Francisco Navarro**. Illustrated by **José Martin Sauri**, 21

Chain Mail, 29

June 2050, by **Bill Dubay**, 30

The City that Didn't Exist, by **P. Christin**. Illustrated by **Enki Bilal**, 31

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones**, 38

The Peace, by **Caza**, 40

HM Interview: Dan O'Bannon, by **Michael Tolkin**, 48

Starstruck, by **Elaine Lee**. Illustrated by **Michael Wm. Kaluta**, 54

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez**, 64

Gallery: **Ray Bradbury's** Dinosaur Tales, 69

HM's Star Dissections, by **Drew Friedman**, 73

Snow Whitish (She's a Little Off-Colored, 'Cause She's Got a Cold), by **Nicole Claveloux**, 74

Enoch, by **Royo**, 83

Shoe, by **Don Wood**, 85

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.**, 92

The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 96

Coming, 96

Front cover, by **Liberatore**

Back cover, by **Bob Rakita**

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JOHN LITHGOW • VIC MORROW • KATHLEEN QUINLAN

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	Story by GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON	Based on a story by JEROME BIXBY	Based on a story by RICHARD MATHESON
Written by JOHN LANDIS	Screenplay by GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON and RICHARD MATHESON and JOSH ROGAN	Screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON	Screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON
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DOSSIER

Dennis Hopper, the American friend.

Photos by Robin Holland

HEAD OF HOPPER

Made in 1980, ***Out of the Blue*** is a 90-minute feature chock full of sex, violence, drug abuse, death, and emotional outbursts—at least enough to keep one's attention. If the surprising plot twists and stylish examination of about a dozen cultural conflicts fall short, it is the third film to be directed by **Dennis Hopper**, who, although only signed on for a supporting role, stepped in to save the film when its original writer-director walked off the project. Hopper threw out much of the plot—essentially a TV-movie tearjerker about a troubled teenage runaway, saved by a shrink (Raymond Burr) who was to be the story's hero—and replaced it with a riveting portrayal of a young, Elvis-and-punk-obsessed girl (Linda Manz) with the world's most fucked-up parents, played by Hopper and Sharon Farrell.

Hopper's career seems to break down into three public phases, and *Out of the Blue*—as well as supporting roles in the upcoming Coppola adaptation of S.E. Hinton's *Rumblefish* and Sam Peckinpah's adaptation of Robert Ludlum's *The Osterman Weekend*—is seen hopefully as the start of a fourth. His first break came in the 1950s, when he co-starred with James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause* and *Giant*. He left Hollywood to study acting in New York and to settle in New Mexico, where he still lives. Phase Two. In 1967 Hopper began co-writing and co-starring in his first directorial effort, ***Easy Rider***. When the film was released in 1969, it hit an as-yet-untapped counterculture film audience like a revelation. It became an enormous critical and financial success, and made Hopper and his co-stars, Peter Fonda and Jack Nicholson, household names. He was then asked by Universal Studios to make a "new kind of movie." Not understanding that he was being hired to repeat his *Easy Rider* formula, Hopper came back in 1971 with an avant garde film shot in Peru, entitled (with what would turn out to be great irony) ***The Last Movie***. It won first prize at that year's Venice Film Festival and was a hit in Europe; but in Hollywood, Hopper's name was a cryptogram for mud. Phase Three. In 1977 he gave the performance of his career in *The American Friend*, a film by German director Wim Wenders (interviewed here last issue). But it took another two years, and his crazed *Apocalypse Now* combat photographer, for most Americans to get the idea that he was still among the living.

At forty-seven, Dennis Hopper is someone who, like a lot of near-casualties of the sixties, is constantly on the lookout for trap doors while exuding all the while a tenderness in his dealings, an acceptance and earnestness about his past. His way of speaking is pure stream of consciousness: loaded with anecdotes pieced-together with trick voices, facial expressions, and a fervor impossible to reproduce on paper. Go see his movie.

—Robert Morales

HM: I know you've been working, but how do you feel when people react to you like you've been on a desert island for ten years?

DH: (Laughs) Well, I wish I had been. I just know I've been working very hard just to survive and trying to keep in the motion picture business. I miss not working in the United States. I'd really like to direct a film again, but now I'm just basically concentrating on getting some good acting roles, trying to establish the fact that I'm not a difficult person to work with. I feel that probably the best roles I've had were in *The American Friend*, and in *Apocalypse Now*—not a major role, but a very interesting one.

HM: Are you happy with the roles you've just completed?

DH: The father in *Rumblefish* is not a large part; I only have four scenes in the picture. And I had a very good supporting role in *Osterman Weekend* . . . but I want to get one of those parts that DeNiro or Hoffman or Jack (Nicholson) get—I know I'm not bankable, they are—to get a really excellent part in an excellent picture would be wonderful.

HM: You're identified with a certain facet of the sixties counterculture—a friend of mine suggested I ask you whether you considered yourself an actor or an historical figure. (Hopper laughs.) You were known for playing these fearsome, up-against-the-oldsters types . . .

. . . and in *Out of the Blue* you're an aging biker-type with a daughter who's part of a new generation, portrayed as almost scarier than what you epitomized.

DH: You mean, like, the people who were rebelling in the sixties had still some sort of nice daddy, or they were rebelling against something—perhaps victimized by it—and, in a way, had sympathy whereas the *Out of the Blue* type (Linda Manz's character) . . .

HM: . . . rebels against people who used to have sympathy on their side fifteen years earlier.

DH: Right.

HM: What do you think

Dennis Hopper, on the wrong side of the glass from his wife (Sharon Farrell) and daughter (Linda Manz), in *Out of the Blue*.

"If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country . . ."

about a lot of the stuff you might have been held accountable for in the sixties and how it's progressed?

DH: It goes through my mind something like this: I think about the civil rights movement when I was in the Selma and Montgomery marches, when people couldn't drink out of the same water fountains or go to the same toilets. Now, I mention that to someone in their twenties, and they sort of look at me like "What're you talking about?"—so I don't talk about it.

I think of the Hollywood system, of the sixty-to-eighty-year-olds controlling the industry like schoolmarms—"Say your lines this way, pick up the thing this way," which was totally against method acting, where you were not supposed to have preconceived ideas and you were supposed to deal with moment-to-moment reality . . . And all those things have changed, so talking about that seems (laughs) ridiculous.

I think that the younger generation have the same desires that we all had—whatever they were. When I hit thirty—I thought I'd never live to see thirty. As a matter of fact, I remember when we were all in Berkeley—I think I was twenty-seven (circa 1963-64, then)—I said, "I got a great slogan, why don't we say 'You can't trust anyone over thirty'?" And three years later I was thirty, and women were coming up to me and saying "How old are you?"—because that had caught on.

I think that every generation rebels against whatever generation their parents belong to—and I think that's healthy. If all of the children of the Love Generation came out acid heads and flower children, I think that probably would have been the end of the country, but they seemed to have rebelled against that by being too conservative, and the punk movement is a reaction against conservatism. We start off with bohemianism and that became beat or the Lost Generation, and that became the hippies, and that became punk or the new wave. The rebellion—whether it's punk, whatever it is—towards the older generation, if you can survive and get through that, the wants and the needs are the same. And it's an attention-getter, and it identifies you with your group and your peers.

I think whatever we wanted may have changed because you only have so long to get there. I came out of abstract expressionism and jazz, which was really radical; and the civil rights movement, which was really radical; and the free speech movement, which was really radical. Besides my trying to be an actor, trying to be responsible to that and turn shit into gold because most of my parts, unfortunately, were shit and made under very difficult circumstances.

KM: Along with the generation gap thing, the other major element in *Out of the Blue* is that you have a strong, independent female lead. One of the main feminist complaints in the sixties was that many of their fellow radicals held to the notion that power was still a man's game, and that most of the communes set up then were very patriarchal in structure—and they'd point to *Easy Rider* as an example of guys doing whatever they wanted while the woman stayed home washing Captain America t-shirts.

DH: (Laughs, ruminates a moment) It really would depend on the commune; there were many different kinds of communes—a lot of them were heavily run by women, a lot of them were dominated by males. That kind of life is a questionable lifestyle for many people; at the time it was a way to get away and survive because everyone was not sure how much longer things were gonna go. There was more of a feeling of having to survive, having to get to the mountains, that there might really be a revolution, there might really be a necessity to protect yourself, protect your family, to be with your friends, to be together. Nineteen sixty-seven we made *Easy Rider* and me whole country was burning down, there were riots in every city, and there was a war in Vietnam.

The woman's role . . . (shy) I'm just glad that women have gone back to wearing garter belts and stockings. I think a woman's role is whatever she wants it to be. She has to make that choice. I can't make it for her. I found working with Linda (Manz) and investigating that part was something that was really exciting to me; that really stimulated me, to work with women, because I had never really done that before and I would like to do a lot more of that. It's much more interesting working in those areas, trying to understand another sex, than to make the buddy movie—not that Peter's dull (laughter)—which I'm not saying isn't valid or I won't do it again, but it's something that I have done and being thrown into this picture and suddenly there's Linda and Sharon; that was really a far out and interesting experience.

KM: I would figure it's less interesting to work out what you already know.

DH: Yeah, right, and there's a great part of me that has always been very cruel, I guess, to women, because I don't understand them, and yet there's a lot of me that's very female. My curiosity has always been towards the mystery of the female.

KM: So how're you doing in general, having fun?

DH: Work is fun. In general? Nah, I haven't been having a great deal of fun. It's more work to get work than to work, and waiting to see if you get work; it really becomes a drag. And to be selling this picture—after I made it three years ago, and I haven't made another one, and I want to make another one . . . and what is my next job gonna be, and when am I gonna act again . . . and there's no steady income. I mean, just simple things like that, but it's a gypsy camp, man. I've had a very full life; it's very confusing to think about I'm just really lucky to've survived—that's amazing to me.

The essential portions of the Wendy O'Williams anatomy, from f-Stop Fitzgerald's *Weird Angle*.

THE GREAT GAGSBY

Hey kids, you potential consumers, know what the latest thing is? It's called "new wave," and the record companies, fashion industry, and suburban nightclubs are clearing a bundle on the male popularity of what was once the aesthetics of non-aesthetics.

But back in the halcyon anesthetized late-seventies, before anybody ever heard of Duran Duran or MTV, "punk"—the paranorm, the progenitor of new wave—actually meant something. Nothing. The resultant raw and regressive music, played by non-professionals and non-musicians, was the only way artists (us, thinkers) could defend themselves against the widespread nihilism the sixties left in its idealistic wake.

Weird Angle, the aptly self-named photographer **f-Stop Fitzgerald's** photo documentation of San Francisco's punk scene, gives (welcome) old meaning to the words "new wave." Fitzgerald, who visually depicts an ephemeral and hedonistic world that sort of parallels that of his pseudo-namesake (writer F. Scott Fitzgerald), adopts his photographic style to its content (hence the book's title). The ain't no slick, glossy fashion magazine stuff—these pictures are bad (in the best sense of the word). All the photographs are black and white and were taken with a low-speed flash. They've got edges. There is a conscious lack of refinement in them; many of the frames are deliberately tilted forty-five degrees (remember that title) to accentuate the subject's tilt—S.F. bands the Mutants, Next Generation, Flipper, Snakefinger, Translator, and now well-known singer Deborah Iyall of Romeo Void. *Weird Angle*'s cover photo of the Plasmatics' Wendy O'Williams crops off her head so that she's all leopard skin torso and tits—a pretty unsubtle ode to punk's idea of the grandiose id. But it's Wendy O. No one ever said punk was subtle.

Some might consider that the dawning of the Age of Newwavius in New York and London has been photographically overexposed. *Weird Angle* is worth owning, not for how infamous its bands have become (most of whom probably now work in banks), but because it fairly spits the regenerative power that was punk's original intent. Fitzgerald's eye is both tainted and sincere; like his subject matter, and like San Francisco itself (as the spawning ground of countercultures past—hipsterism and hippiedom—the town stands as the American incubator of the bent), *Weird Angle*'s inclusive essays by local culture critic on seventies S.F. punk, the art/performance/music crossover, local new wave women, and the commercial bands that are its scene's outgrowth make good reading and give the photos intelligent and artful context. Yes, this book pays homage to a music that was once a seat of subversiveness, but is now, alas, no more than a cushy leopard skin sofa.

—Merle Ginsberg

(Post Contemporary Productions, 2319 40th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116)

HORROR HEAVIES

The jacket copy for **Peter Straub's** new best-selling novel, ***Floating Dragon*** (Putnam), makes a claim that warrants this year's Chutzpah in Publishing award—that the book "creates a new fictional genre all by itself." This is, of course, bullshit. Straub's sixth novel is an ambitious mess, but it does provoke interest as to where the modern horror novel may be headed—as do five other recent books, including the new Steven King.

Floating Dragon is a conscious attempt by Straub to stretch his talents as a writer. He may feel he has exhausted his ability to explore small-scale supernatural tragedies and a handful of principal characters in both *Ghost Story* and *Shadowland*, and it appears he is reacting to the criticism that his views toward women are fucked, since they're usually portrayed as perfidious in his work. The result is a plot turning on the wholly systematic and predictable destruction of Hampstead, Connecticut, by two never-really-linked forces (only one unearthly), and centering on a quartet of everyday ESPers out to save their town (one of them a woman so sweet she is unearthly), a bunch I never felt was in danger. I was right.

Ironically, **Steven King's *Christine*** (Viking) is also an exercise in safe driving. Christine is a 1958 Plymouth that takes over the life of an awkward, acned, high-school whiz kid, wiping out anyone getting in the way of her dominance (literally, like her previous owner, the kid winds up wearing a backbrace, and you get the feeling he has to hump her after removing the gas cap). Anyone, that is, but the kid's best friend and his former girlfriend—the only major sympathetic characters.

King and Straub are collaborating on a novel. Let's hope they risk the displeasure of their audience.

Terror and the willies are not so hunky-dory in four new paperbacks. **Scott Baker's *Shampire*** (Timescape) is a fascinating account of modern-day vampires waging a battle against the manifestations of other faiths to win the total belief of the world populace, and hence survival. It's loaded with terrific ideas and unpleasantnesses—but told in a spacey, yet journalistic style that never lets loose. . . The author of several brilliant short stories, **Lisa Tuttle** goes overboard with her

Stephen King butt-bussing the protagonist of his latest novel.

Photo by Andrew Unangst

FANTASY FEMMES

penchant for realistic detail in ***Familiar Spirit*** (Berkley). About spiritual possession in Austin, Texas. It's convincing but slow, slow, slow . . . There's a dopey albeit complimentary introduction by Peter Straub affixed to **Karl Edward Wagner**'s first collection of horror fiction, ***In a Lonely Place*** (Warner), which should attract the large number of readers Wagner deserves. He is the most sophisticated and least adolescent of current horror writers, like Baker and Tuttle, he openly confronts the power in sexual fear and the manipulation of desire. . . Lastly, we come to **Michael Shea**, who has written a half-dozen totally dissimilar, chilling and ghoulish stories in recent years, all pushing queasiness to the max. His ***Nifft the Lean*** (Daw) is apparently the first volume of fantasy tales chronicling with blood-curdling glee the exploits of a master thief through some pretty sickening locales (starting with Hell and then getting nasty). An analogue to the surprises found in Shea's writing would be the time my toothbrush accidentally fell into an unflushed john. Yick! (But Shea is more to my taste.)

—Robert Morales

Lots of Girl books with us this month; mostly by and about persons of the female persuasion. I think I can deal with it. To begin with, there's ***A Woman of the Future***, by **David Ireland** (Bantam). All right, I didn't read it. (Great way to start a review, huh?) I read in it, I read at it, I read around it. Ireland seems very eager that I read between the lines. What I found was significance so rich and moist you could cut it with a feather, just like the old Duncan Hines commercials. In an eerily perverse vision of the near future (in Australia!) peoples' bodies are turning weird on them, and a young girl loses her humanity after falling in love with her father's penis. So what else is new?

WRAB
...ROBERT STALLMAN
THE ORPHANS
THE CAPTIVE
THE BEAST.
OH, YOUR WIFE'S THIS STALLMAN GUY, SO HOT? TALK LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT!!!!

...SEX, DEVILS—THE MAN IS A BRILLIANT WRITER! WOW!
HEY—WATCH IT! —YOU THINK POLYESTER GROWS ON TREES?
WELL, IT'S SO INCREDIBLE—THIS STUFF IS GOOD!

Alvin Lucier. He is standing in a room.

"Card drenches the pages of *Hart's Hope* in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's *wrong* with the man!"

You're better off with a woman of the past: ***Jirel of Joiry*** by **C.L. (Catherine) Moore** (Ace). These five long stories originally appeared in *Weird Tales* magazine during the 1930s. They are vastly superior to 99% of the "female sword & sorcery" written today. The prose is lush and wonderful, the monsters really monstrous. Jirel is a true leader of men and the ruler of her own fate.

Jenny Wurts's first novel, ***Sorcerer's Legacy*** (Ace) provides more old-fashioned cheap thrills, as a defiant heroine adventures her way through a magical court of intrigue; the new twist is that she's pregnant, and that she has to save the prince's life by marrying him.

A very young girl from our own world is transported to a refreshingly realistic land of magic and adventure in ***The Broken Citadel***, by **Joyce Dalton Gregorian** (Ace). Despite some beginner's mistakes in pacing and characterization, there's a thread of sophistication running through this one: I especially enjoyed the fragments of the land's poetry, legends, and diary entries offered at the end of each chapter. I look forward to reading the sequel, *Castledown* (due in April).

Orson Scott Card has his usual problems with women in ***Hart's Hope*** (Berkley), an otherwise promising new fantasy—in many ways the most interesting to come down the pike in a long time—sporting the year's most gorgeous cover (by Kinuko Craft, with a nod to Brueghel). Card takes a lot of chances, and sometimes falls flat on his face—in trying to show the grim realities of a medievaloid city, he drenches the pages in so much piss that we begin to wonder what's wrong with the man!—but for once there is a blessedly credible set of made-up names and an Ultimate Evil that really is as bad as it's supposed to be. Of course, like every other one of Card's books, it's about a young man finding himself; and again, complexity and ambiguity are a male province, while the women are pretty much all-good or all-bad. Well, we've all got to work things out somewhere; and meanwhile Card's magic system is both novel and visceral, even if the philosophy it's founded on is a bit wet behind the ears.

The new psycho-humanism in science fiction presents ***Darkchild***, by **Sydney J. Van Scyoc**, in a handsome Berkley trade paperback. The Girl fulfills the responsibility of womanhood when she becomes able to use her body to harness the sun's life-giving force, and the Boy learns to integrate the two halves of his personality that have been split by evil non-humanist aliens. They relate. The story isn't really all that interesting, but the setting—a planet where humans have adapted to hibernation, and whose (female) leaders control natural forces—is.

The landmark fantasy anthology series for the eighties is unequivocally ***Elsewhere***, edited by **Terri Windling** and **Mark Alan Arnold** (Ace). In the first two volumes, the contents range from Michael Moorcock's latest Elric story to amazing poems by people you've never heard of. Most of the hot new talents in what the editors call "high fantasy" are publishing here. In today's conservative fantasy market it's a relief to find some genuine vision—that is, after all, what fantasy's all about, isn't it?

—Ellen Kushner

MUSICAL SCIENCE

Alvin Lucier is a composer who makes music out of science. Each of his compositions is an exploration of some acoustic phenomenon: vibrating wires, room resonances, brain waves, lightning. The results of his investigations, however, go into producing sounds instead of scientific papers.

Born in 1931, Lucier is currently Chairman of the Music Department at Wesleyan University. His education includes study at Yale, Brandeis, and two years in Rome as a Fulbright Scholar. It was John Cage who encouraged Lucier to go in a "new" compositional direction in the early 60's. In 1966 Lucier co-founded the influential Sonic Arts Union with fellow seminal avant-gardists Robert Ashley, David Behrman, and Gordon Mumma.

Lucier got the idea for *Music on a Long Thin Wire* in the acoustics laboratory at Wesleyan. In this piece the music emanates from an eighty-foot metal string driven by an oscillator through the flux field of a magnet. The vibrations of the wire create complex, ever-changing tones.

In *I Am Sitting in a Room*, a room is made to function as a speech filter. Gradually, over a forty-five-minute time span, the room's resonant frequencies are amplified, turning Lucier's speaking voice into melody and harmony.

Lucier works as patiently and carefully as a scientist testing a theory. Though premiered in 1965, *Music for Solo Performer* was made into a record just last year. In it, the alpha-speed electrical activity of the performer's brain is amplified until the signal is big enough to resonate a roomful of percussion instruments. The "solo performer" actually plays a percussion orchestra with his or her brain waves.

Sferics—in the works since 1968, though not yet released on record—uses home-made, large-loop radio antennae. "Sferics" is the short term for what physicists call "atmospherics," or the clicks, pops, bonks, and tweets generated in the ionosphere by lightning flashes on the other side of the equator. Lucier will continue his work with radio data this summer in New Mexico, in conjunction with a group called Artists of Earthwatch.

Marilyn Chambers. Do anything for ya?

"... couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least."

Do people like this music? Do they listen? As one reviewer wrote last year when *I Am Sitting in a Room* was released shortly after the double album of *Music on a Long Thin Wire*, "The second Lucier album to come out this year? Perhaps there is some justice in this world after all."

—Constance Ash

(*Music on a Long Thin Wire, I Am Sitting in a Room*, and *Music for Solo Performer* are available as LPs from Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., NY, NY 10013. *Chambers*, a collection of Lucier's major works from 1965 to 1977, including twelve interviews with the composer, is available from Wesleyan University Press.)

THE VAULT OF HORRIBLE [VIDEO]

Although it's damn expensive to produce a movie, it's often just as pricey to release and promote it; somewhere in between there are lots of films made which never hit the theaters. With a medium as cheaply and readily duplicable as videocassettes, the bandwagon is jumping with once-shelved crapola films which would otherwise get virtually no exposure. After all, there is a wealthy horde of betamax owners out there hungry for product, and there isn't all that much material around for the viewing—as specials, companies catering to these software-poor consumers are turning up every bad penny just to fill your local video one-stop with shelves of catalogue.

Vestron/Videoasis is truly in the forefront of this movement, having acquired the rights to such rare gems as **Human Experiments** (a horror exploit with young nubiles getting reworked by a mad professor), **The Interns** (an Eye-tie extravaganza starring Dominique Sanda as Anthony Quinn's daughter-in-law seductress), and a puzzling don't-look-in-the-basement rip self-descriptively entitled **The Unseen**. VidAmerica claims this was actually in the theaters for a brief moment, but after careful research and several hundred viewings this reporter would question the veracity of such a claim. It stars current Seattle-wife Barbara Bach and ex-Chicagowife / Beachillowife Karen Lamm as reporters terrorized by a mongoloid assassin who lives beneath the hotel in which they're staying. Fans of this genre take note: my wife, who finds films of this type mortifying, couldn't stop guffawing long enough to be terrified in the least.

VidAmerica has not cornered the market on worthlessness however, as even the somewhat prestigious **MGM/UA Video** combed the attics of British bile to cum up with the softcore **Emily**, a porn movie distinguished only by the presence of Koo Stark ("A Real Royal Turn-On!" claims the package). For you *New York Post* non-readers, Ms. Stark's claim to fame is her yeoman's service as Prince Andrew's part in a storm, and her performance in *Emily* does nothing to diminish the image of the royal family's outstanding taste. There are no shots of Koo's cooze, and all of the acts are performed with the music of Rod McKuen swelling in the background. You'll have to look far and wide to find a movie as undistinguished as this, with or without the ruling class' object of affection performing acts of sexual and autosexual nature; truly, you have to be lots worse than this to be even good/bad.

—John Tiven

SHE'S NO ANGEL

Known chiefly for her exploits as a porn star (adult film actress, if you please), **Marilyn Chambers**' talents have been more or less ignored by the press, but appreciated by the paying public in such crude moneymaking X-raters as *Resurrection of Eve*, *Behind the Green Door*, and *Insatiable*. Discovering the true Marilyn, however, takes looking further than skin deep. Unlike other sleazy sin-ema sirens, Chambers didn't immediately overexpose herself in hundreds of films, preferring wisely to restrict her activities to men's magazine features, real estate and video investments, and endorsement of a line of machine guns. But the key to her success is probably that she doesn't have to do what she does—she loves to.

Recently Marilyn financed her own hard-R action flick, **Angel of H.E.A.T.** originally slated to be the first made-for-Cable-T.V. movie, but instead distributed on cassette by Vestron Video. In it Chambers plays a sultry Derek Flint/007-type named Angel Harmony, leader of Harmony's Elite Attack Team and charged with saving the world (again?) from terrorists armed with yet another ultimate weapon. Not unexpectedly, much of the film features Marilyn and co-star Mary (*Eating Raoul*) Woronov disrobing, a normally watchable procedure made difficult by the film's grainy quality (bad print or tape transfer?). As suspense cinema goes, *Angel of H.E.A.T.* comes off no better than a *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* episode with some added boobs, lots of bum, and a dash of bush.

Chambers returns to brand X cinema with her next project, **Up 'n' Coming**, about a Country & Western singer on the make. Maybe someday she'll do a real movie.

—Tom Sciacca

(Vestron Video: P.O. Box 4000, Stamford CT 06907)

Two of the Playboy Channel's top execs in a story conference

BIBLE BELT

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BOOB TUBE

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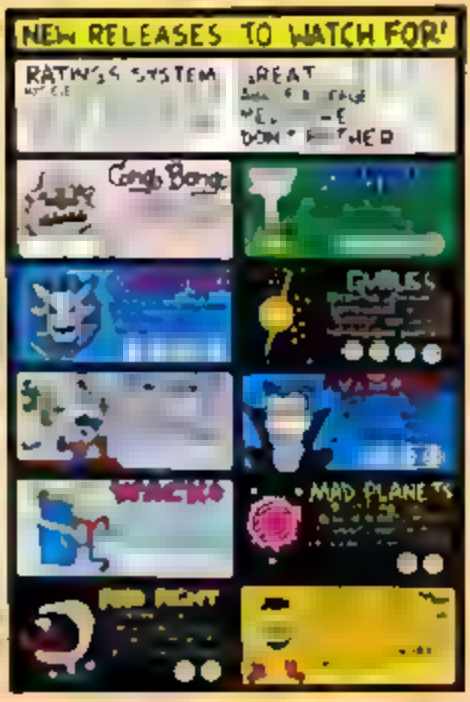
THE FUTURE WILL COST 50¢

A REPORT ON THE 1983 AMUSEMENT OPERATORS EXPOSITION (AOE)

BY JOHN H



NAHALLYWOOD

ing the spirit of Fields Seaton and

Chong's (your title here), ad

And TV's even worse NBC recently cancelled 'SCTV', the late comedy to retain such outbursts as 'Gimme A Break', 'The Facts of 'Different Strokes'. (Hey, don't know dwarfs every time.)

The slapstick sh may be Hollywood's gain. This wee

SCTV
Strange Brew **Dave Thomas** **Rick Moranis**

McKenzie) and **Andy Jurinich** (ex- **John Candy** **Joe Flaherty** and **Eugene Levy**.

On the Universal lot in Studio 1 director **David Steinberg** watches the antics of Candy, Flaherty and Levy as Python and the Hope-Crosby 'Road'

arts college. A place where fresh

Strange Brew

'I don't think it's possible to tak

OK. So, story-wise it ain't up there *Wuthering Heights*. But explor

about the second half of Dave's co Idaho. On this one we have our doubts

'Maybe the sequel can have Bob and Doug shipwrecked on an island

John Candy and Eugene Levy caught during pledge week at Kung Fu U

natives as gods. This might not seem

a hit in strange countries that have never heard of us or 'SCTV' and speak no English. It would be great to

Standing beneath an oversized

Belcha Cheech and Chong never had a thought like that. Gary Cole

In the works: Thomas and Moranis next team with Dan Aykroyd for a north-of-the-border comedy *Never Say Mountie*. Candy and Levy will be featured in Ron Howard's fishy new film, *Splash*. It's about a fella who finds a mermaid. Darryl Hannah (the back-stabbing blonde from *Blade Runner*) plays the sea siren. George Romero is planning to film his own (distinctive) version of Mary Shelley's mad man, *Frankenstein*.

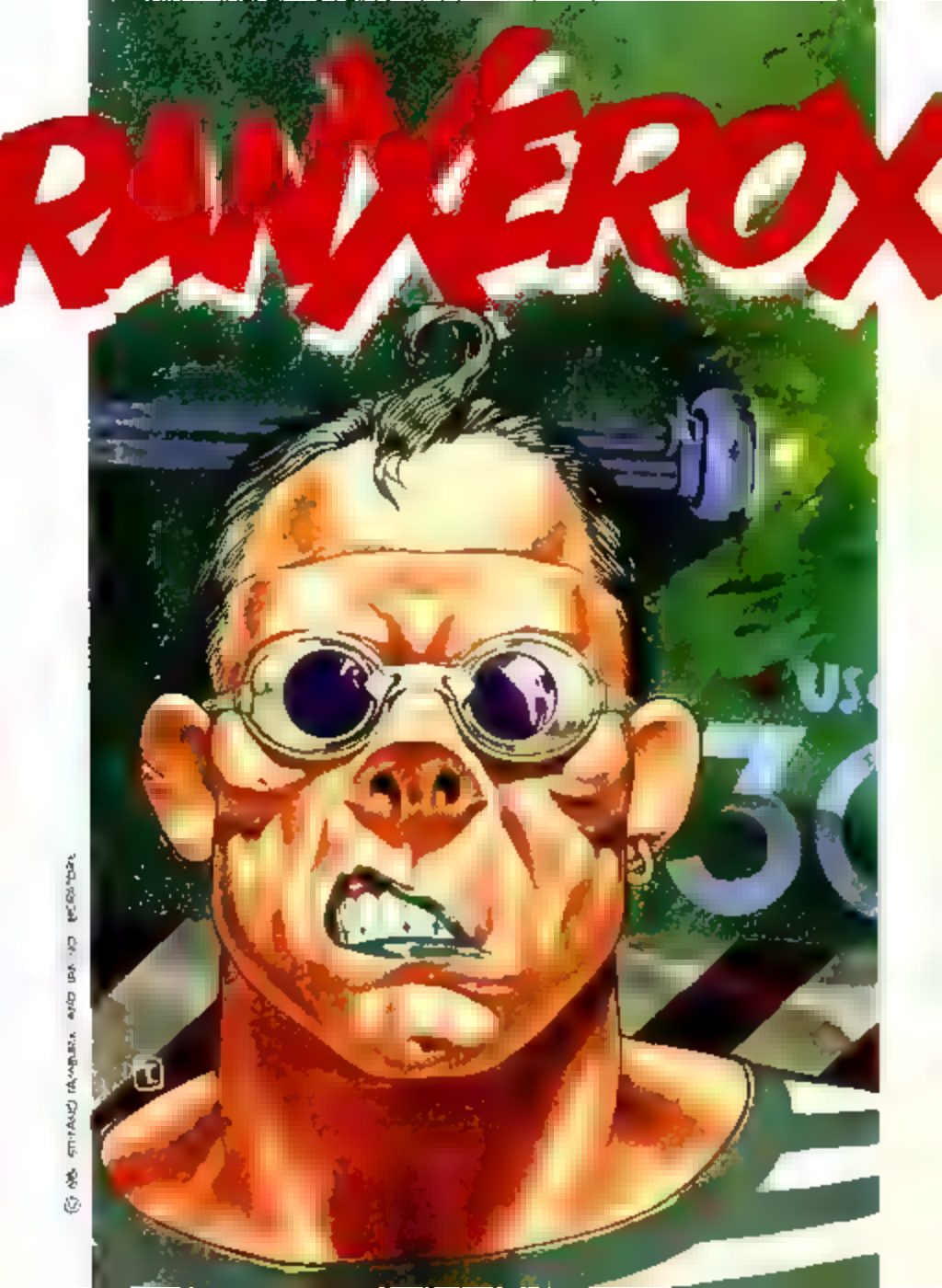
Creepshow II. Gary Kurtz is quietly preparing his *Return to Oz* for Disney

laboratories on a live action version of *Red Sonja*. David Carradine will

Charles Fries, 'The Martian Chronicles' is planning to bring Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendezvous with Rama* to the widescreen. The first new wave sci-fi (sci-fi) mystery? That's what director Aaron Lipstadt is promising in *Slam Dance*, a Los Angeles-based epic, to be filmed this fall. And pre

Our two long-dead hog lovers (Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper) back on earth in a post-holocaust future to re

Whose most recent books include *Brilliance on a Budget about Frogs, Cormant* and *The Suicide Plague* are at news. His slightly advanced re parts on doings in Hollywood will ap pear monthly in these pages. The town drives him totally nuts t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30° LIVE
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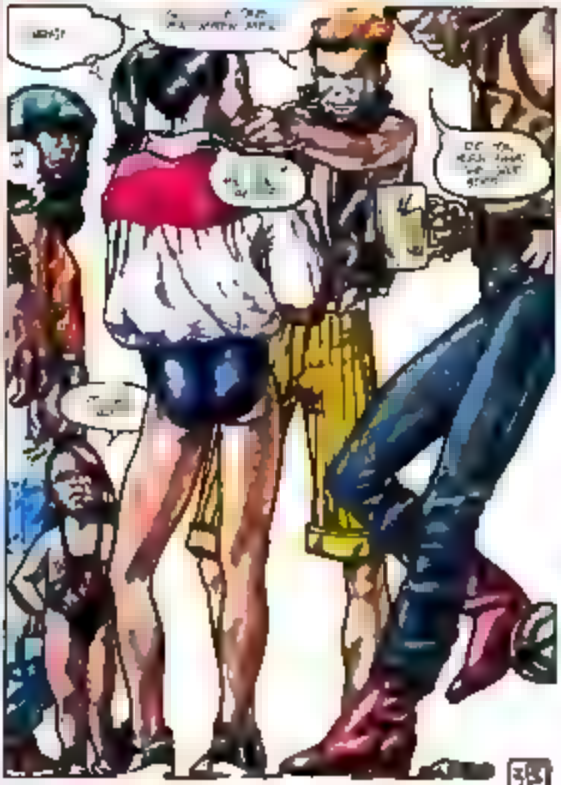
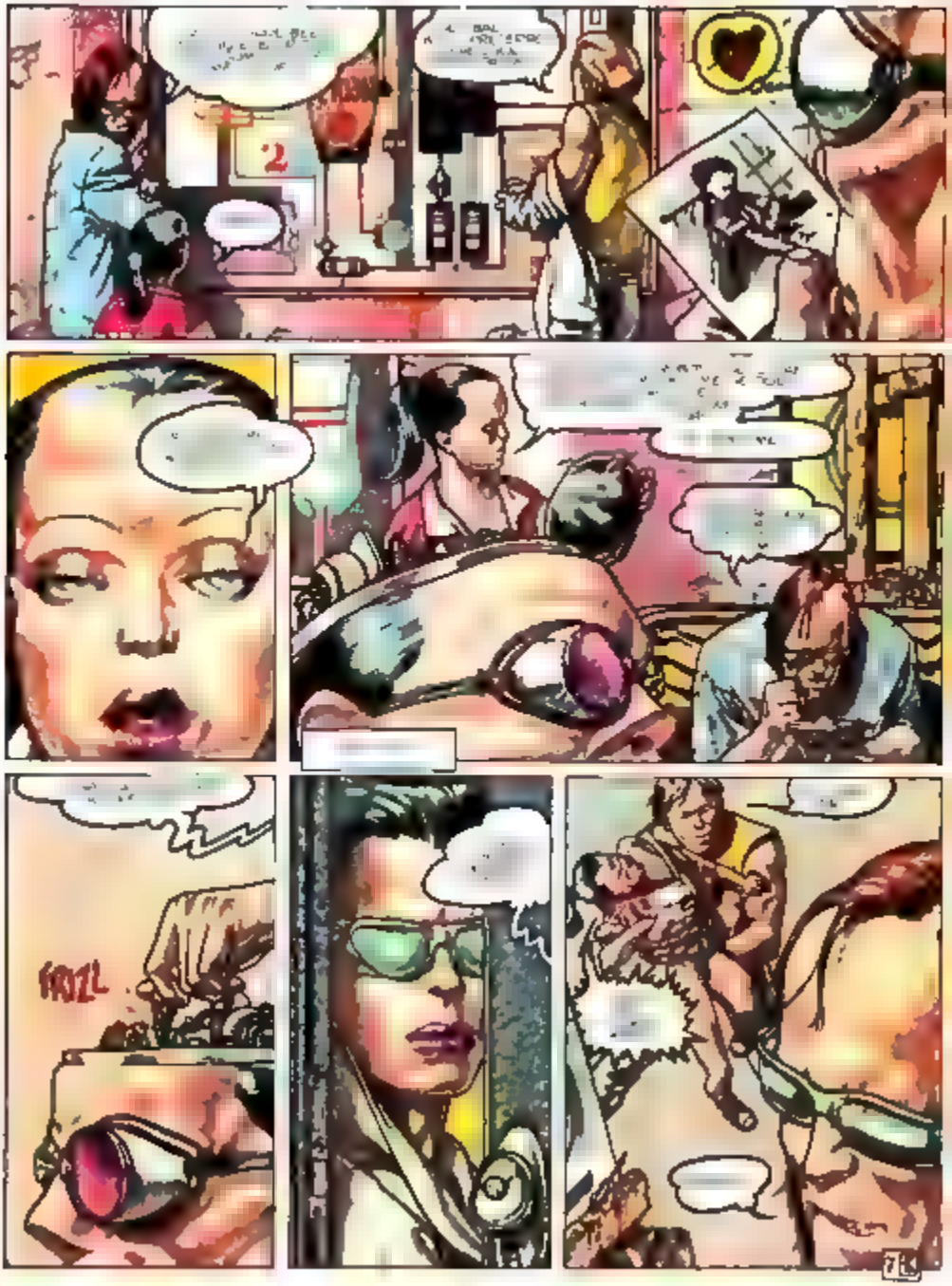


RAAK
BRUUIBLA
STE NNA

COME ON DANE, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. I SAID I'M FEELING BAD
ROAR
ROAR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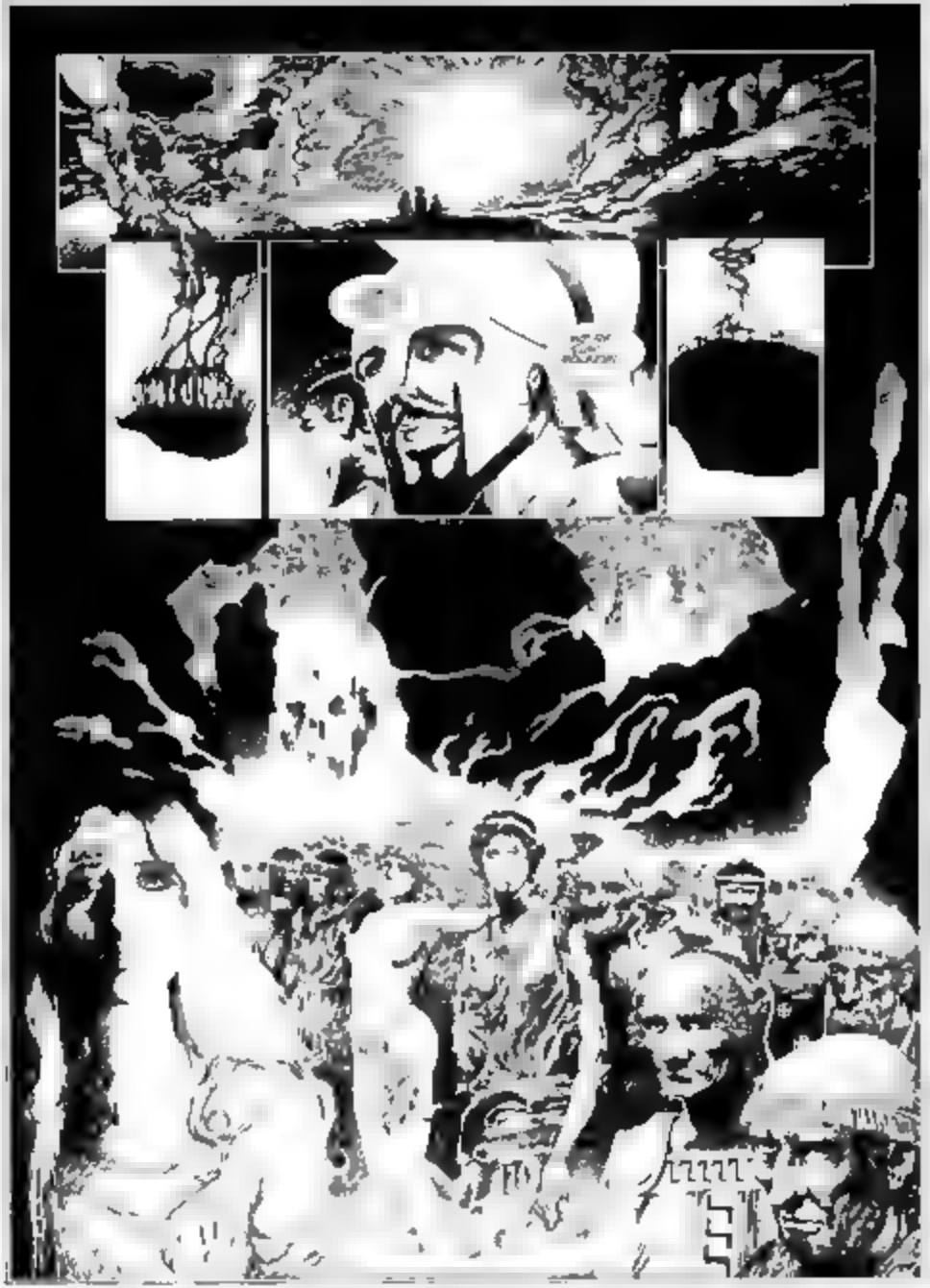
FRIZL

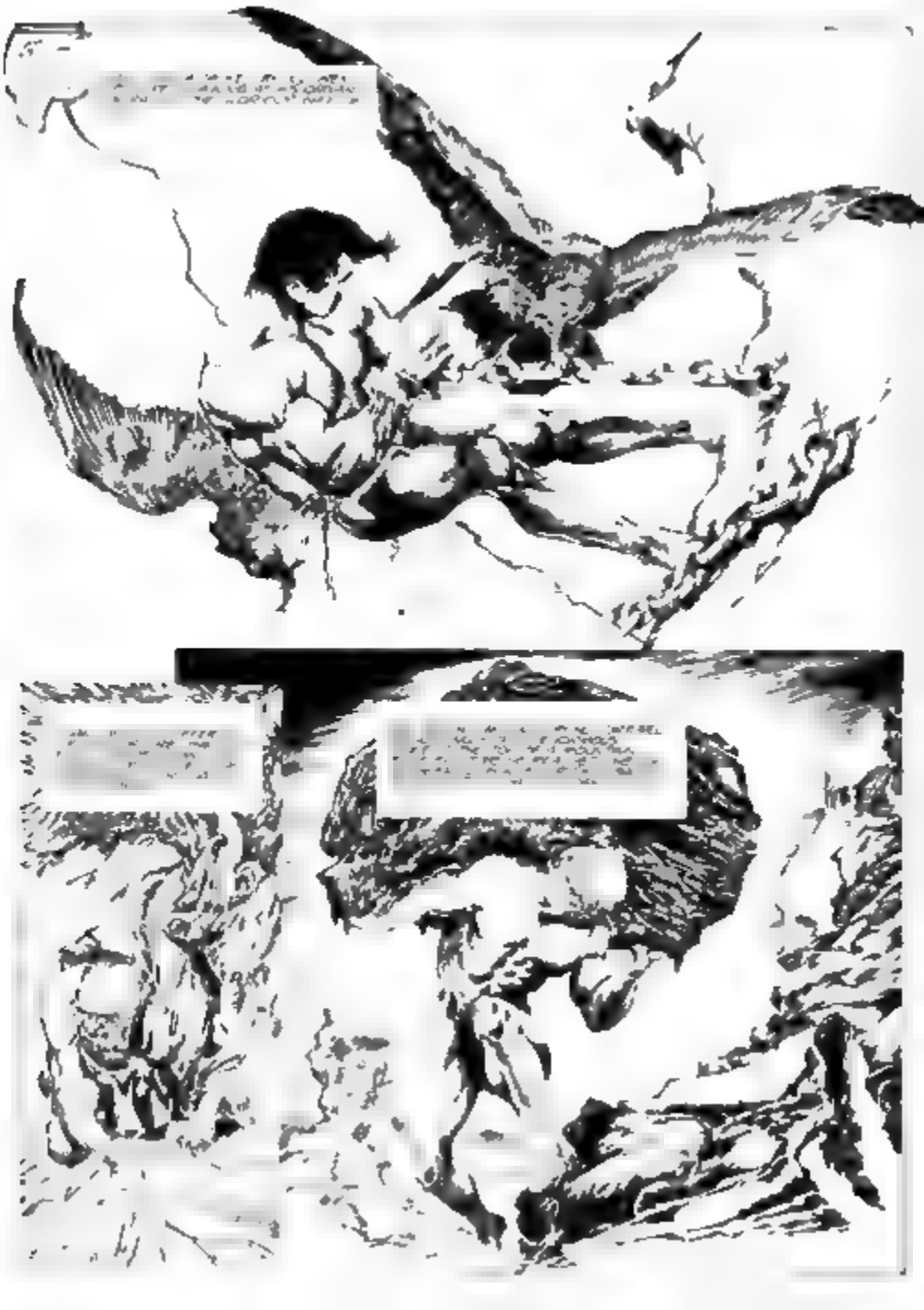
F-CLICK
F-CLICK

THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO
AND JOSÉ SAURI



QUICK, CY! THE GAL RUN IN A TOOL TRAP TO FOOL YOUR FOLKS
I'LL BACK BOOK UNTIL I'VE QUESTIONED YONDER
SENSA, WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE FOR FROM US? LET ME GO BACK AND LET ME DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE FIRST VIC I MURDER FOR QUESTIONS

WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HE SAID TO ME
YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO RETURN TO US. I HAVE GLIMPSES, BUT IT WAS THE BOOK THAT SHOWED ME THE WAY.
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU SEEK OR WHY YOU SEEK IT, BUT I KNOW THAT YOU MUST FIND IT.
AS I DO, YOUR SHAPED POWERS WILL BE YOURS. AND EVEN IF YOU DISCARD YOU WILL NEED TO KEEP HOPE ALIVE IN YOURSELF.
SO, MY FRIEND, GO SEEK YOUR DESTINY OR THAT WHICH YOU WISH.
AN OLD MAN, WHO HAD HELPED ME BEFORE, HAD HEARD ME CALLED A FOOL.
AND SAID, AGAIN, HE WOULD HAVE HELPED ME IF I ASKED.
MY HUSBAND DIED, AND WENT A LOT IN THIS DARK COUNTRY FROM WHO WIFE OF ARTHUR ASCRIBES SAY TO A CRIME, ANONYMOUS WIFE, AND THE MOTHER OF
ONLY THE BOOK OF ASHLYNS IN OF WITCH, OF LAST ACT OF ASHLYNS, THE SIGHT OF SO MANY HEROES TOGETHER BROUGHT ME TO TEARS



The extraordinary
creator of
[illegible]
of the Last Ark and
Apocalypse of the 2nd

SKYWALKING

THE LIFE AND FILMS OF GEORGE LUCAS

[illegible]

How every available writer (s) Being a bit defeatist, aren't we? At the risk

Charles Burns in future issues

That's whips-and-chains and "Oh, naughty-boy" stuff Bob Smith is referring to for those of you in the dark. I did not make this letter up. (s)

never had any difficulty with the ones you men tion —(s) I know I don't. The art is very nice, but the stories are so impenetrable and therefore uninteresting, that they lack any

I used to admire Richard Corben greatly but the more I think about it, the more dismayed I am by his entire attitude toward life

me that in this very troubled world of today we should be looking for harrowing tales

Rego Park, N.Y.

JUNE 2050
WE ARE UPON THE EXCLUSIVE THRESHOLD OF A MEANINGFUL AND LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2051
OUR EXECUTIVE ACTION PROGRAMS OF CIVILIAN DISINDUSTRY COUPLED
DEFERRED
EXPEND-
ABLE
LASTING PEACE
JUNE 2052
DIPLOMATIC
DEFLOWERMENT
PROTECTIVE SOCIAL GENOCIDE
LASTING THOUGH LACONIC PEACE!
JUNE 2053
DIPLOMATIC
PRE EMPTIVE BILATERAL ESCALATION
NEUTRALIZED
RETALIATORY CAPACITY
FORCED
LASTING PEACE
JUNE 2054
ONE UNMANSHIP
SELECTIVE SURGICAL STRIKE
HAS SUCCESSFULLY
RETROGRADE MANOEUVERS
A MERCILOUS BUT LASTING PEACE!
JUNE 2055
THERE CAN BE
COLLATERAL DAMAGE
NUCLEAR
INTERNMENT
AFUROSIS
A SUCCINCT
LASTING PEACE
JUNE 2056
SURE
EXTENSIVE
SEVENTY-FIVE
LASTING PEACE
EXCRUCIATINGLY CLEAR!
THERE'S BUT A SOLITARY
PATH TO MEANINGFUL AND
LASTING PEACE
WHAT
THE BASTARD
INTO FIERY
OBLIVION!
WOW!

The City That Didn't Exist

by P. Christin and Enki Bilal

TUESDAY AT SAINT-CYRIL
HELLO, MISS. I WAS ASKED TO ASK YOU FOR SOME INFORMATION ON MONSIEUR MORIN. DO YOU HAVE YOU BEEN CONNECTED WITH AN INFORMATION. THIS KIND?
ON THE CONTRARY, LISTEN, YOUR INFORMATION WAS BEEN EX- ABOUT BUT I DOUBT AL TOO WELL ABOUT MY "DOUBLE LIFE".
HE RAN TO HUMANITY AT THE CENTRAL FACTORY WHERE ANDRE-PATRY DISSERT'S WIFE WAS, HE OR IN A TRUE SOMETHING BETWEEN AN HOUR AND A QUARTER AFTER HE THOUGH CRIME REFUSED ME, I BELIEVE HE'S THE ONE WHO'S CONFIRMED THE LAST FOUR THINGS
DEAR CECILIA, ALL I COULD SAY...
...IS NOT TRUE!
A NEWS... NOTHING WHAT WE KNOW
IT WAS ALL I COULD SAY
I WAS SURE
HEY!
...LOVE
...LOVE
...LOVE
...LOVE

AND FINALLY, SECRETARY AT DEFENCE COURT
WHATEVER POSSIBLE THAT SLIME YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS BUT THE METHODS YOU TAKE LEAVE TO MUCH TO BE DESIRED. I HATE IT
YES I KNOW THAT WE COST BUT IN THE LONG RUN WE SUPPLY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF LAW
BUT WHAT ARE YOU CHARGING ABOUT YOUR IRRESPONSIBLE METHODS MAKE PUT THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE COMPANY IN JEOPARDY
NOT AT ALL MR BROOK AND I HAVE DECIDED TO DO IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE AND SEEMS TO SUMMARIZE AN IDEAL WITH WHICH WILL MOVE ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF SECRETARY THAT WE NEED ALLOW THEM TO
WHAT?
THIS MEANS THAT THE WHOLE FORMAT MUST BE REORGANIZED AND WE MUST HAVE MACHINE UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE BEHIND THIS PROJECT
MAKE SURE THAT IS NOT ANSWERED YOU'RE UNDERSTAND
WHY NOT OF COURSE I'M DEMANDING OUR MOST ADVANCED DESIGN IN ORDER TO MAKE SYDNEY A REALITY AND WANT I EXPECT FROM YOU
DON'T EXPECT ANY THING FROM ME FOR SUCH A FOOL HARDY PROJECT
WHAT I EXPECT FROM YOU IS FOR YOU TO COORDINATE THE PROJECT THE NEW SECRETARY CAN AND MUST EXIST IN ONE WAY THEN
HEY WAIT ALL YOUR WORK FOR SHAREHOLDERS THE MAINWARD COMPANY WILL BE FAILURE
IF SO ONLY BECAUSE WE WHERE YOU A MAJOR SHAREHOLDER AND NEED ONLY THE DIVIDENDS NECESSARY TO KEEP THE CITY ALIVE
THIS WILL OF COURSE ALEVIATE THE SUPERCAPABLE TO LOOK THROUGH THE WALLOW GROUP THAT IS
SO IT SEEMS THAT CAN COUNT ON YOU FOR DISCUSSION I WILL BE SPENDING MY PLANS BLACK DREAMING AFTER YOUR

I'M AGE

HEART OF MEGA
A FINE MAN
SO MY BODY
WILL FOREVER REMAIN
MAGNES
UMMM

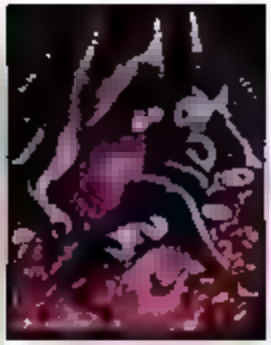
EAT YOUR HEART
OUT
" IT'S MORE INTERESTING
TO LIVE NOT KNOWING THAN
TO HAVE AN ANSWER
THAT MIGHT BE WRONG. "

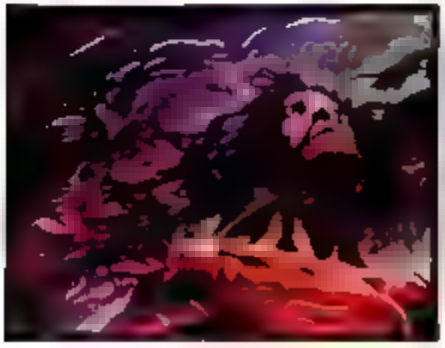
PEACE
by Caza

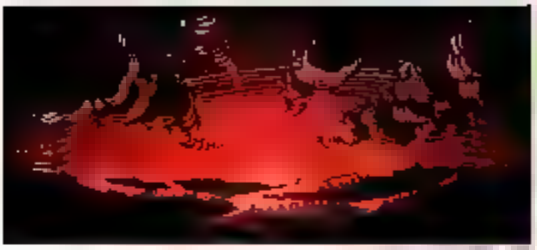
THE END OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT DEPARTURE STEEL AND JEWELS WERE FOR ROYAL HEAT WE RAT. FET F SUR A COUPLES OR ALONE CARRYING ONLY WHAT THEY HAD IN THEIR BACKS THEY FLED STRAIGHT FOR IOVHERE

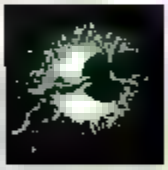
AND MAN DOG FROM AND ICE WE ARE TO A BIT OF AU

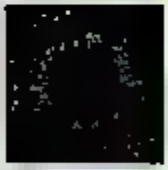
I KEPT ONLY ONE
HAIR MY AXE

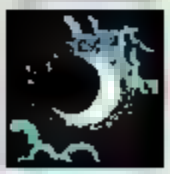


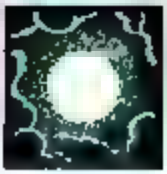


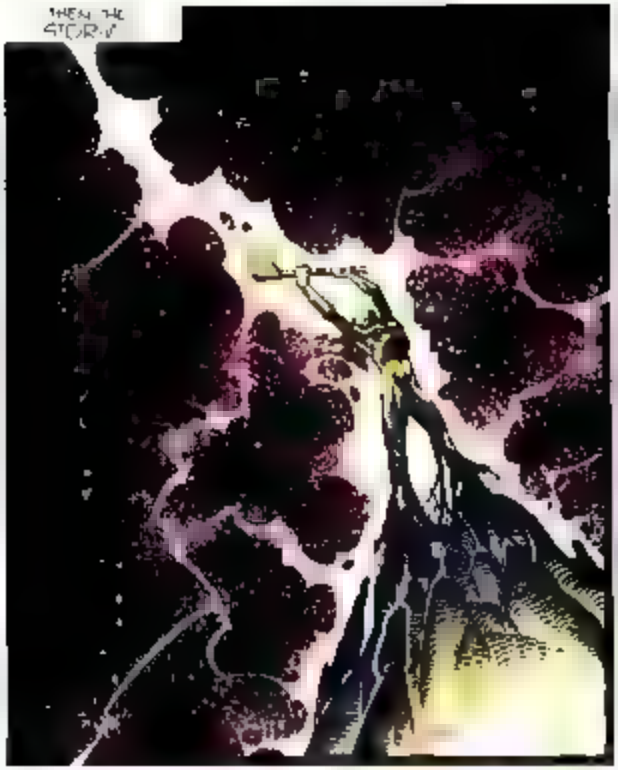




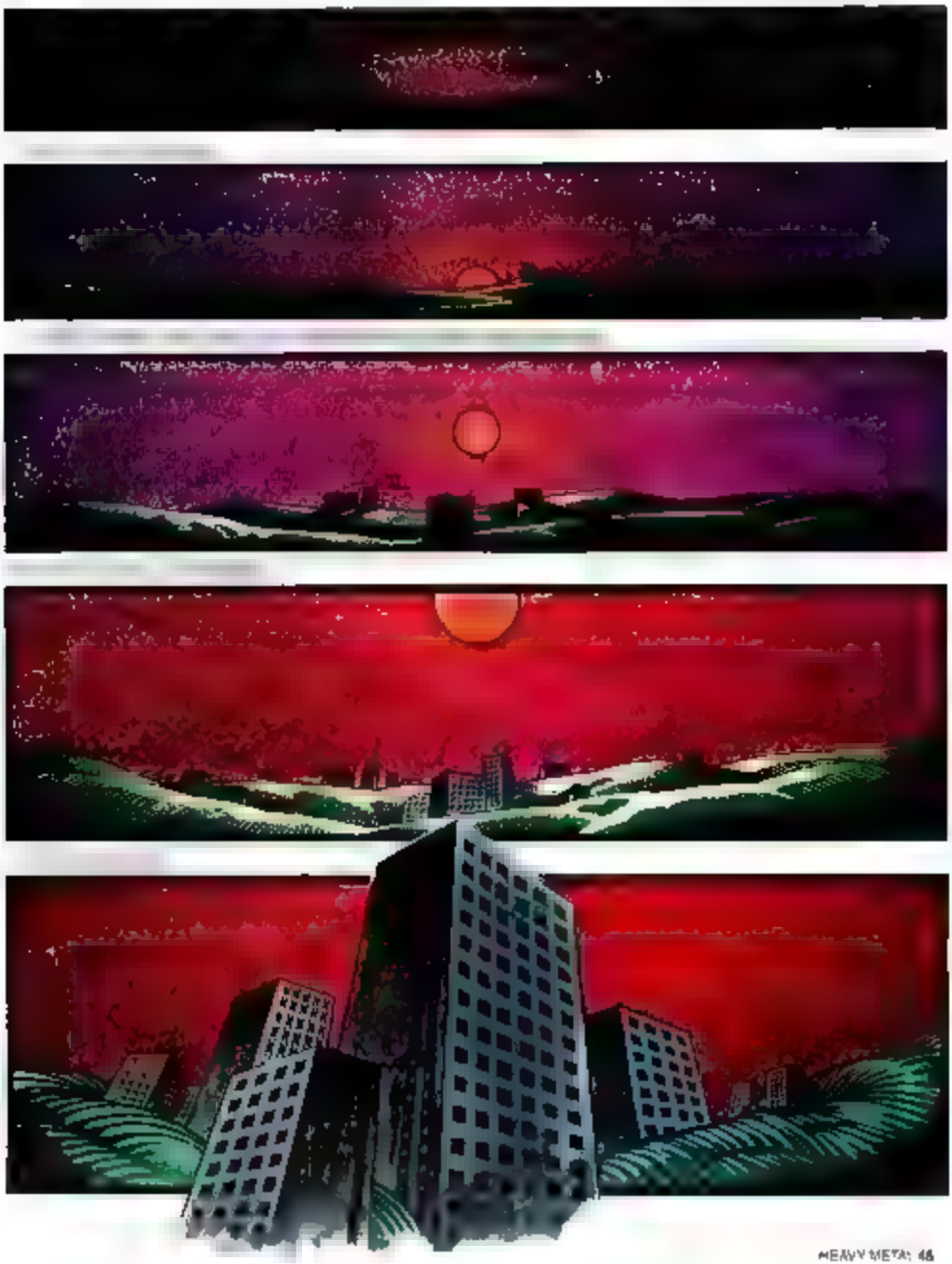




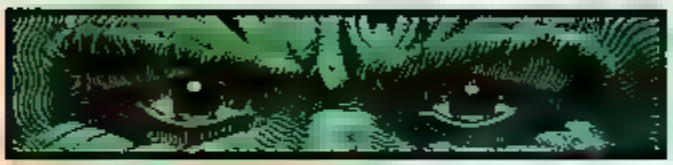


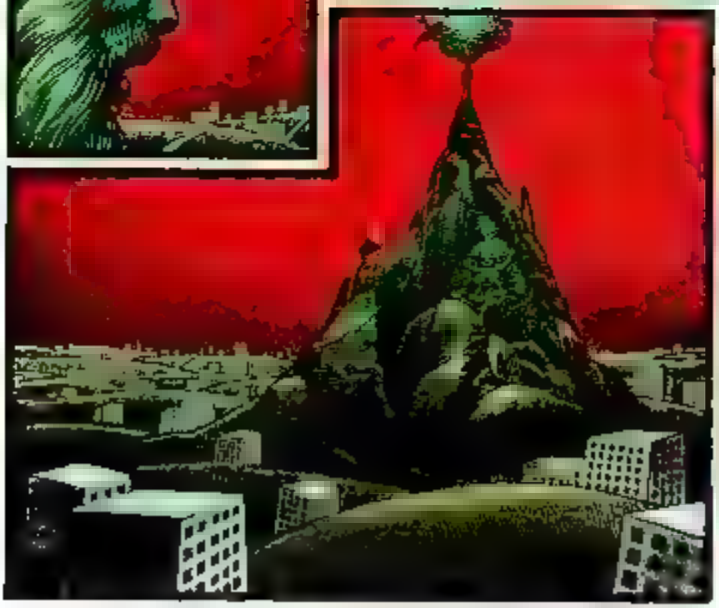

THEN THE STORM

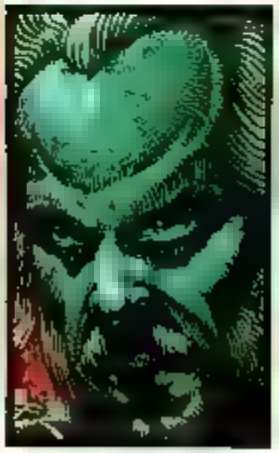
AND AGAIN PEACE



THEY ARE HERE NOW. THE JEWISH BLOCKS. THE HOUSE-MACHINES. THE BLINDING CUBES. THE ARMIES OF STEEL AND CONCRETE.







BUT I STILL HAVE MY AXE.

END

HM INTERVIEW:

DAN O'BANNON

BY MICHAEL TOLKIN

HM: Between *Dark Star* and *Alien*, or between *Dark Star* and *Halloween*, there seems to be something vengeful about the leap from comedy and affection for all the characters to terror for its own sake.

DO'B: I was not in an affectionate frame of mind when I wrote *Alien*. I was in a foul frame of mind, things had gone very bad after *Dark Star*. By the time I wrote *Alien* I was worse off than I ever had been in my whole life. I was living in a place where the rent was thirty-five dollars a month. I was nine months behind on it and eating on food stamps. I knew I had to do something that would get me out of that financial bind. I was determined to do a script that someone would make. That someone would buy. We'd made a comedy. Nobody laughed. Nobody wanted to release it. The public didn't go to see it. It was just a trauma. And so, at the time I said forget it. Never again. If I can't make them laugh, maybe I can make them scream. I was able to.

Now, I can't answer for John (Carpenter) because he made some kind of fundamental life decision when we finished *Dark Star* and he went charging off in a different direction. He just changed his mind about everything that he ever believed in in the years that I knew him. He terminated his relationship with me in a very callous fashion, professionally and personally. He ran off and got himself an agent and started making money for himself pretty fast. His movies started coming out, and I saw them, and they didn't seem to embody any of the principles we used to talk about. I still don't know how he chooses to make the movies he does. There are two different approaches to horror films: the Sadistic Horror Movie and the Masochistic Horror Movie. In the Sadistic Horror Movie the audience is invited to physically enjoy the suffering and deaths of the human characters. It's invited to identify with the murdering monster. In the Masochistic Horror Movie the audience is invited to empathize with the human victims, and to feel horror and fear as they are destroyed by an evil monster. I make Masochistic Horror Movies. *Alien* is masochistic. You are not invited to take pleasure at the deaths of the characters. And I couldn't say one way or another about John Carpenter because I don't feel any sincerity in his horror. When I see films like *Halloween* or *The Thing*, I don't feel that he is genuinely scared of his own monsters.

HM: You're not unhappy with *Dark Star*, are you?

DO'B: I'm not entirely happy. It's a first film, full of mistakes. It's an amateur film. On the other hand, in many ways it's great. It was a labor of love. None of the errors are errors of sloth or bad intentions. We broke our backs on everything. Basically what I learned is that comedy is too delicate. Just about the same things cause the same reactions of fear in virtually every human being. I learned to always have sex in a film, there are no women, no sex, nothing titillating in *Dark Star*. When we tried to get it distributed, they kept saying, "where's the women, where's the sex?" I learned to always do a tightly plotted script instead of something that wanders around. *Dark Star* was originally meant to be a tightly plotted story, but when we expanded it to feature length, we had to shoot a lot more material, and it became episodic. The picture loses narrative thrust. To this day I have never done an episodic script again, and I never will.

O'Bannon as Pinback in *Dark Star*, his 1974 post-filmschool co-production with John Carpenter. Also from *Dark Star*: in the ship's cramped cockpit (top left); walking the space plank (bottom left); and Talby (Andreijah Pitnich) zombies out (bottom right).

HM: You're writing the second *Heavy Metal* movie. Does that mean it'll have only one story?

DO'B: I'd rather do one story. If I have to do a collection of stories, it will be one story with several chapters disguised as one story, with different art work for each chapter. I will not have discontinuity of character and plot. The first *Heavy Metal* movie was more artwork than it was character and content. And if you stack up the priorities of the elements in a movie which make it popular, they are as follows: story, character, visuals. If you have a strong story and character but lousy visuals, you still have a hit. If you've got strong visuals but lousy story and character, you've got a flop. They just don't apply the standards of story to animation. *Secret of NIMH*? Nah. *Dark Crystal*? There was no story at all. It was pitiful. *Heavy Metal* was the *Fantasia* of modern times— and remember when *Fantasia* came out, it didn't work either. I wanted to do a mixture of live action and animation— like *Song of the South* or *Mary Poppins*— but it's just too expensive. I'm not proposing to have inferior graphics. We'll make it look flashy.

HM: The plan is for you to co-direct with Al Brodax (*Yellow Submarine*)?

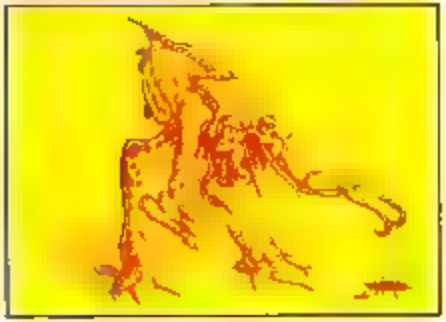
DO'B: He would be tending to the animation. I would attend to the voice, actors, script, and soundtrack.

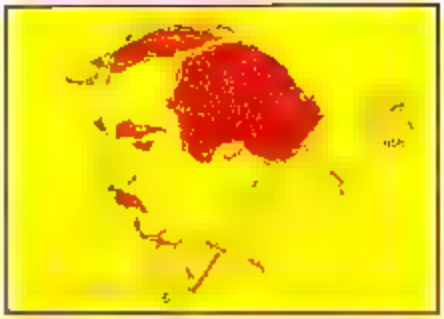
HM: And the choice of the artists?

DO'B: So far that's in my ballpark.

HM: You've always worked closely with artists.

DO'B: Let me give you my artistic biography. I started drawing pictures when I was a very small child. My parents and others started taking note of it, and I was always told, and always assumed, that when I grew up I would be "a rich and famous artist." Quite what that meant I didn't know in terms of the real world, except that I would draw and make pictures, and I'd be rich and famous for it. Later my parents tried to channel that into commercial art, illustration and the like, and that was what I went to college to study. And it came to me with a ghastly realization that whatever being a rich and famous artist meant, I didn't like the idea of doing seed catalogues and not being paid much for it. I just burst out of it and said, "Nah, this ain't fun."





while he was at it. He had the dog-in-the-manger attitude toward science fiction that the world at large has no right to read this material, to criticize it, or to create any on their own, because it belongs to us— we the science fiction fans. Science fiction fans the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf, like it's a substance—like cheese— something you can put in a box and lock up.

HM: Why did you give up drawing?

DO'B: I started to work with people like Ron Cobb and Moebius, and whatever they did was so much better than what I could do, and it was just what I wanted. So I just kind of stopped doing it. I'd decided to concentrate on the stuff I could do that nobody else could do, like figure out the story. And I knew I'd just have to get these guys when I needed artwork.

HM: You sought them out?

DO'B: Yes. Back in 1969, I sought out Ron Cobb. I was nothing, he was a cartoonist for the *LA Free Press*. I looked him up and told him I was a fan. I visited him and saw his science fiction and fantasy paintings, and I thought, "My God! Ten years later I was able to get him onto *Alien*. I met all these brilliant artists because I stumbled across their work and made a huge effort to get them involved in projects. Instead, I should have been seeking out beautiful women so I could've had a lot of sex. If I'd had sex with as many beautiful women as I've worked with great artists, I'd be Casanova. I have not had sex with Ron Cobb. Don't misunderstand me.

HM: You brought Cobb to *Alien*.

DO'B: He basically did all of the earth ship as modified by Ridley Scott. Without Cobb, I don't think that ship would've looked like a ship. Cobb was really designing on the fly, within too many artistic constraints. He'd come up with something good, they'd build it, and then Ridley would come in and say, "Put detail all over it, detail, detail, detail." Ridley's a real good sketch artist himself, and he'd grab a piece of paper and draw over the set sketch so it would look like a wedding cake, or like it had spaghetti all over it. And then Gordon Carroll, the producer, would come to the set and say, "If, in the future, it will take one button to do what a hundred buttons do now, then in *Alien* it takes a hundred buttons to do what

"Science fiction fans, the ones that are unbalanced, think they own sf."

In the meantime I was going to movies all the time with my old man. The first movie I can remember was *The Thing*, when I was about four years old. We were visiting [illegible] and my father let me choose between *Invasion* and *The Thing*. It was very much frightening. I chose *The Thing*. It had a very strong effect on me. I was scared, and I liked it, too. After that we were in movies all the time. On Fridays I think was the best night and we would go to action movies and my father and I always went to them. There were very few Hitchcock movies that didn't touch there. I saw *Forbidden Planet*. *The Thing* and *Forbidden Planet* virtually everything. We were living in Los Angeles like I'll Abner we had full access to the outside world because of movies. At the same time that I was going to the movies five times a week—and fantasizing about making them—I was also acting, in little productions. People—even when I was a little boy—seemed to enjoy listening to me, reading, or telling a story, or talking. So I was acting, drawing, going to the movies all the time, reading science fiction and fantasy. I read tons of it, but I knew no one else who was an sf fan. The idea of it being a movement of many people [illegible] was so strange to me.

HM: Do you still draw?

DOTB: No. I gave up drawing years ago. I'll show you my pastel drawings. (O'Bannon rejoins his pal John.)

HM: *Reading from a hot rod text as drawing.* "Dear Len. Hope you and the kids enjoy the vacation. Here is having here at the office." (The drawing: A knish boy's [illegible] on a beach blanket while there is fucking. The work is delicate and exact.) What magazine is this from?

DOTB: *Juggs* Magazine. It's from the early mid seventies. They didn't have anything nearly as good when I was a kid. All they had was *Modern Man* Magazine with the twat brushed out right? And I

Portrait of the artist as a young squint. Twelve-year-old Dan O'Bannon proudly displays his art to the readers of the Poplar Bluff, Missouri *Daily American Republic* (top). An early O'Bannon sketch, indicating that a curiously twisted childhood prefigured today's vaguely warped adult romance from ogre & guest guenon of dead ex-prostitutes and story contributor Richard Shaviro, executed by O'Bannon during wrestling team and math workouts. Gay Salvador displays a gruesome response to *Blue Thunder* (bottom).

grew up looking at brushed out twat and by the time I saw a picture of a real twat—when I was in high school—I was so accustomed to the Grecian statue, smoothed-out nothing crotch, that the real thing looked disgusting. [illegible] got used to the human body having an organism and was made out of muffin. [illegible] Harrison explores the portfolio, which is very impressive, he stops to order back through things and suggests [illegible] ambitious drawings based on images from H.P. Lovecraft.)

I sent some of these to August Derleth, and he wrote back and said they weren't professional. This was the first letter from [illegible] W. Campbell's Mike Fiore. There was no drawing. I drew what Campbell had described: a blue-skinned, rubbery-face critter with three big red eyes and [illegible] I that was really freaking. All [illegible] had been a letter with some very nasty remarks. He is unquestionably one of his life's [illegible] he pursues all the manuscripts of H.P. Lovecraft. But then he decided also to pursue H.P.

"Moebius said, 'Write me a story I can do.' I wrote 'The Long Tomorrow.'"

[illegible] Paul Kelley knew what he was doing. When he shot it, I looked at it and said, "Oh, if you really want something to look deserted in a movie you have to put too *much* detail on it." I can see in *Blade Runner* where Ridley didn't have a Cobb around, [illegible] and stuff that did not look credible.

Giger was the guy responsible for the really strange looking stuff for the aliens and also for the alien craft—which would have been a lot better if the audience had been able to understand that it was an alien spaceship. There was thought to be a structure. There was Chris Foss, who worked on an early design. He had some great designs but he was fired, and none of his were used. Raymond Hays. He did some incredible stuff here. I wanted to use some of his stuff. He could have given the alien ship to Ridley. That gave that to Giger. I just wanted Giger to do the monsters. Nevertheless, I'm not going to argue with that.

HM: So you recommended all the artists?

DOTB: There were a couple of exceptions. I didn't actually bring in Moebius. I knew him. I'd worked with him on Jodorowsky's *Dune* back in 1975. Moebius was designing. I was directing special effects. There was a lull. I was waiting for everyone to finish, and I was walking around giving [illegible] the pictures of Moebius and [illegible] having us we haven't finished our work. Were we a short cut job for my comic magazine, *Metal Hurlant*." So I went away and I [illegible] "The Long Tomorrow." It was a screenplay, actually, that I'd written some years before. I didn't anticipate doing it in a magazine which would end up being adapted in any form into a movie. It ended up in one way or another being in both the *Heavy Metal* movie and *Blade Runner*.

HM: Where in *Blade Runner*?

DOTB: The whole bloody thing. Look at it. He didn't

come close enough to being actionable. I don't think there was malicious intent. I don't think they said, "Hey, let's buy Phil Dick's book *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* as a fraud." I think Ridley read the book and got all excited by it, because it's a good book, and Philip K. Dick, of course, is a genius. But I don't think he appreciated the problems of adapting Phil Dick to the screen—a problem I am acutely aware of, having adapted Phil Dick twice. But I know that Ridley is familiar with "The Long Tomorrow" because he's familiar with all of Moebius's work. And I said, 'Oh, he used my idea of it being a Philip Marlowe situation, and he copped more or less the look of the city that Moebius designed." There was nothing Philip Marlowe or Mike Hammer-esque about the Phil Dick book, he did all of that—the futuristic trench coats, the seedy office, the voice over—made it somewhere between *Androids* and "The Long Tomorrow." It depressed me because it was the kind of look I wanted to do and would still like to do, to some extent, with a Pete Club movie.

Philip K. Dick forces you to change something, and in *Blade Runner* they obviously just tripped on Phil Dick and fell down and broke all their ribs. They dumped the story out. They ended up with a shell so-that it was merely a generic similarity. It was just cop in future city chasing androids, kill 'em, bang. After throwing out everything that gave them trouble, that was all they had left. And I won't let Phil Dick do that to me. I would take that idea of his, and I would say "What is the part of it that I like? I am not going to get rid of it, but I am going to make it make sense." I'd just beat on it with a claw hammer for a while and just twist it, wrench it. I'd come up with another solution. It isn't easy.

HM: We're still somewhere in your artistic biography. How did you come to Hollywood?

DO'B: I was at McMurray College, majoring in psychology. I'd flunked out of Washington University art school, not because I couldn't draw but because I was sort of hippy-ish and distracted. When I turned twenty-one I said, "This is it. I have to make up my mind now." I had discarded architecture, psychology, commercial art, and the only thing left was movies. It was all I could imagine spending the rest of my life doing—anything else I'd last three months and go mad. I got into USC Cinema and I took it real seriously. I was determined to learn everything. I did, too. I learned everything except how to have the advantage of growing up with rich parents in Beverly Hills and having a fast start in the movie industry.

HM: You've managed.

DO'B: Yeah. But I'm not a director yet. I'm only on the edge. Whereas other friends of mine shot right past me. You can't direct at USC Cinema unless you have the money to buy the film. Unless you have that money in your pocket, you have to edit or photograph or something in another person's film. Whoever has the money in his pocket is going to end up being the director, because he can afford it. And had I known that, that it was going to be like two race cars, one of them starting to accelerate a moment after the other for the rest of my career—because the gap increases forever—I would have gone out and killed somebody to direct a film in film school. Not having directed a film in film school, I wasn't able to call myself a director when I went out into the free world, and so I wasn't able to get any jobs or have anyone consider me for it. The next best thing I could do was write. I got special effects work. I did special effects on *Star Wars*, just writing—suddenly Bang! I made it with *Alien*. That's the one that snapped through. And I said, well, let's leave the others, they're all routes to directing. After *Alien* I forgot all those other routes. I let go of my Renaissance Man status, but in so doing, at the same time I also relinquished my dilettante status. It's like losing your innocence in your youth and instead gaining maturity and professional status and some larger scale accomplishments.

I sit, and I watch Ridley Scott direct *Alien*, and I look at other films that are visually beautiful, and I wait. I sit with my hands crossed, twiddling my thumbs, waiting until I can get behind the camera, because—well, just because. ●

"I would have gone out and killed somebody to direct a film in film school."

WHOPPER CHOPPER

This year's celluloid escapism pickings have been pretty slim for those of us with manly male tastes—i.e. sweaty sex and/or spectacular property damage (preferably both)—and intellects that don't cotton to being insulted. As simple and effortless as they might seem, smart action movies are damn hard to make—not least because no one in the movie biz has any reason to believe a film's smart count has any positive effect on its bank account. But this month, dropping *hard* into theaters everywhere is one mean mother fucker of a helicopter and one whip-smart piece of entertainment—both called *Blue Thunder* and both winners.

Upgrade "Chiffs" with a tankful of *Road Warrior* jolt juice, co-script it by Philip K. Dick and Richard Compton, and put the Francis Ford Coppola who did *The Conversation* in the director's chair, and you've got some idea of what *Blue Thunder*'s like. Briefly, the story concerns a near-burnout Viet-vet LAPD chopper pilot (Roy Scheider at his controlled, icily sarcastic best) called in to field test a new prototype super-copter intended for use by police organizations watching over the world's restive urban-sprawl areas. Equipped with deadly weaponry, next-state-of-the-art surveillance devices, and on-board mutant interfacing with every anti-criminal/commie computer bank in the country, Blue Thunder (the copter) is every constitution-shackled cop's wet dream, and every civil-liberties activist's worst nightmare.

Don't think the Man could ever get away with using such a thing in the Land of the Free, you say? Well, how about a little artificially-induced violent unrest to insure pleas from a beleaguered, law-abiding citizenry for martial law? Plausible, eh? Scary, right? You bet your Bill of Rights it is.

Blue Thunder is a classy bit of work from top to bottom. Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby's script is tight, sassy and to the point, masterfully stoking suspense meltdown with incendiary big-government paranoia. What makes the movie, though, is John Badham's merciless, nothing-included-that-doesn't-directly-serve-the-whole-direction. Badham's iron fist is apparent in Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms's editing, which moves the story with well-oiled, Uzi machine-gun rhythm; John Alonzo's cinematography, which jerks you from hovering-insect passive observance to unnerving so-close-it's-in-your-chest-cavity participation, and the performances he's elicited from his actors, all of whom spit their lines with such conviction and reckless humor that it's hard to believe they don't really mean everything they say. Best are Malcolm McDowell, as the slimiest fucking rat-bastard you'll ever see, and the late Warren Oates, anunating the frustrated, sputtering division chief into something far more than the cliché it could've been in less capable hands.

And while there ain't enough sex (just a bit of playful voyeurism), the culminating aerial chase through downtown Los Angeles contains enough rousing destruction to satisfy all the repressed George Meteskys and Bulgarian terrorists in the world's film audience. After such a mild winter, the prospect of a hot *Blue Thunder* summer makes life seem almost like fun.

—Lou Stathis

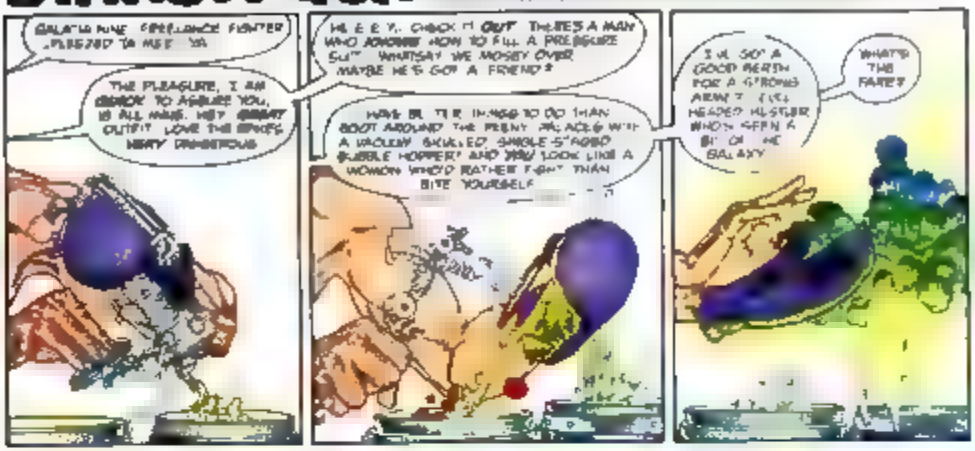
Roy Scheider as Frank Murphy, Blue Thunder's near-burnout maverick helicopter pilot (top). Malcolm McDowell as the greatly despicable Cochrane (middle). Warren Oates, in his last role, as Murphy's boss, Captain Braddock (bottom).

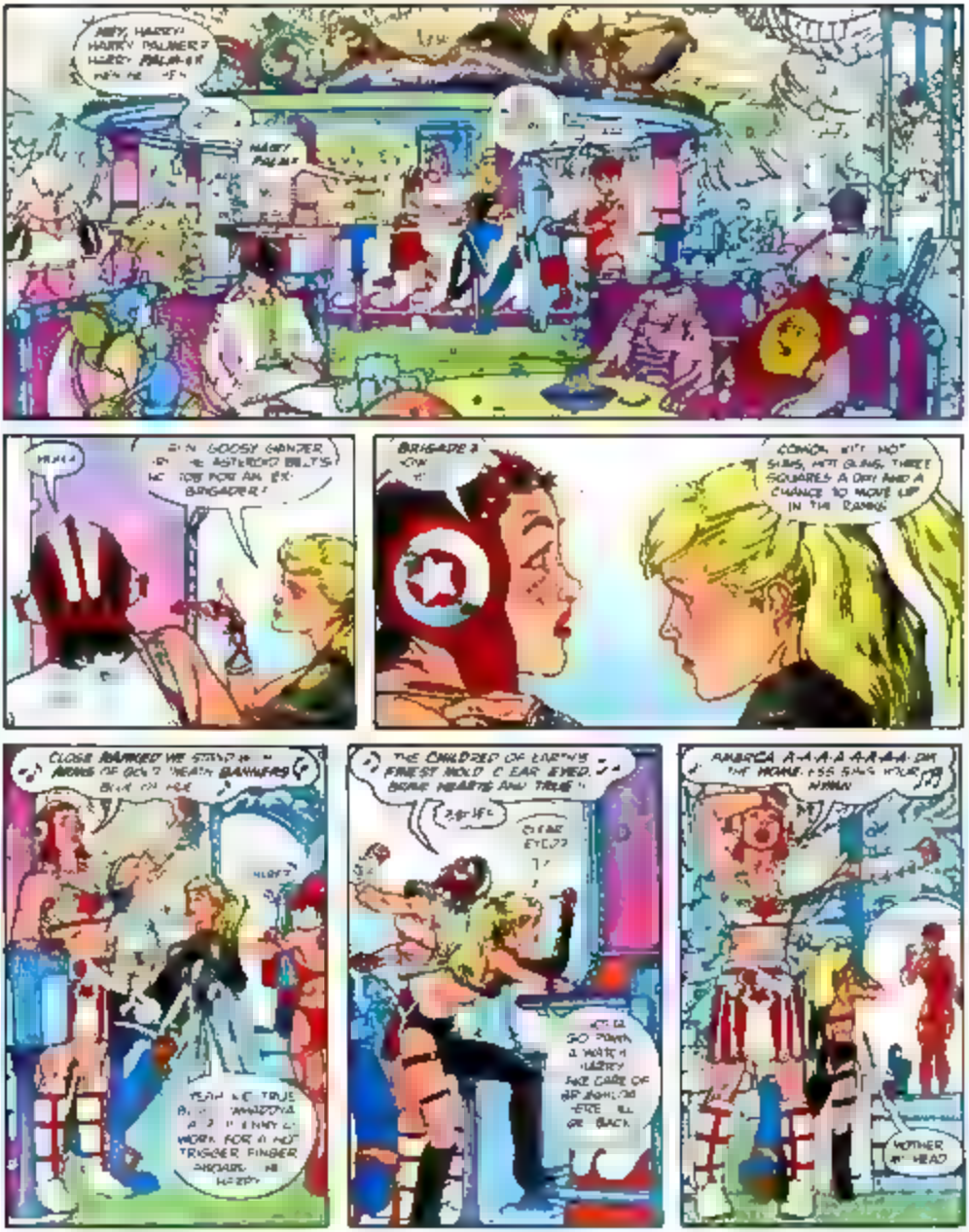
Scheider and the real star of *Blue Thunder*, the mammoth machine you're ever seen.

STARSTRUCK

WRITTEN BY BLAINE LEE. ILLUSTRATED BY M. W. KALUTA
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN

OR, HE READ SPECULA AND GALA 4 ONE OVER A FEW BEERS AND NOW HAS A HEAD OF THE TIME OF A REALLY BIG HANGOVER


GALACTIC NINE FREELANCE FIGHTER ...PLEASED TO MEET YA
THE PLEASURE, I AM SURE TO ASSURE YOU, IS ALL MINE. HEY GREAT OUTFIT. LOVE THE SPACE HEAVY ARMATURE
HE E E Y.. CHECK IT OUT. THERE'S A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO FILL A PRESSURE SUIT. WHATSAY WE MOSEY OVER. MAYBE HE'S GOT A FRIEND?
HAVE BE TER THINGS TO DO THAN BOOT AROUND THE PENNY ARCADE WITH A VACUUM SKULLED, SINGLE STAGED BUBBLE HOPPER! AND YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN WHO'D RATHER FIGHT THAN BITE YOURSELF
I'VE GOT A GOOD BERTH FOR A STRONG ARM. FUEL HEADED HUSTLER WHO'S SEEN A BIT OF THE GALAXY
WHAT'S THE FARE?


HEY, HARRY! HARRY PALMER? HARRY PALMER!
HARRY PALMER
HUH?
BRIGADE?
COMON, KITT. NOT SURE, NOT GUNS, THREE SQUARES A DAY AND A CHANCE TO MOVE UP IN THE RANKS
CLOSE BARRIED WE STAND ARMS OF GOD WEARH BANNERS
YEAH, WE TRUE
THE CHILDREN OF EARTH'S FINEST HOLD CLEAR EYED, BRAVE HEARTS AND TRUE
CLEAR EYED?
SO, YEAH, I WORK A LITTLE, WE CARE OF BRIGHLOW HERE ALL OR BACK
AMERICA A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A OH THE HOME-ESS SING YOUR HYMN
MOTHER IN HEAD

AHEM, BEATS... I SEE YOUR NUMBER AIN'T YOU'RE BEEN DISCONNECTED
Norris Rex WAX MUSEUM EMPORIUM

HEADS UP!

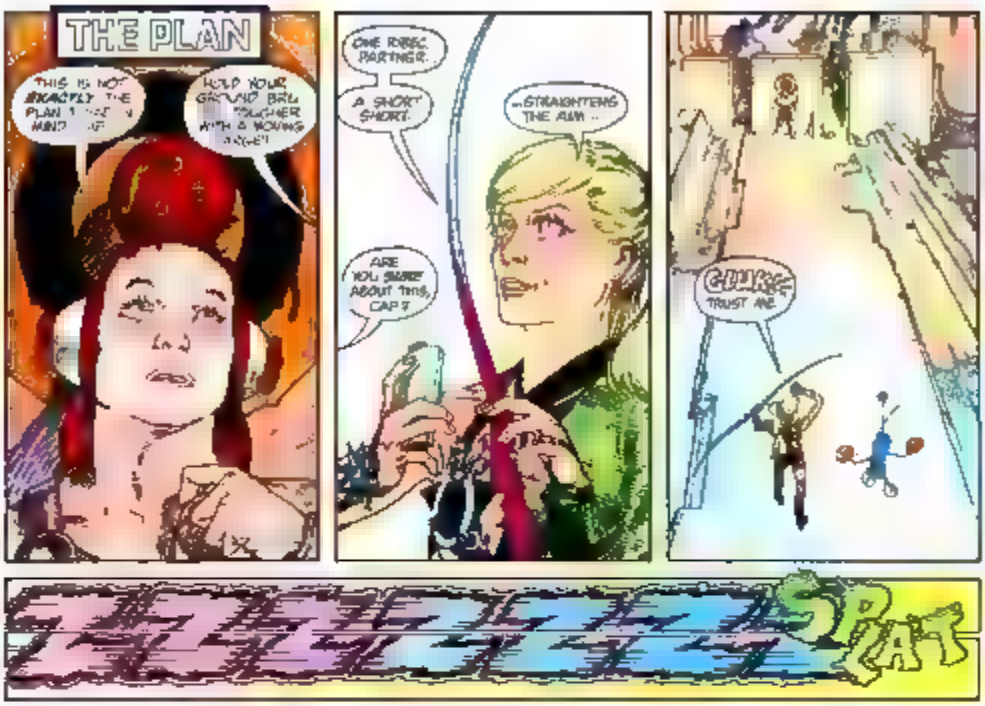
HUH?
Norris Rex WAX MUSEUM EMPORIUM

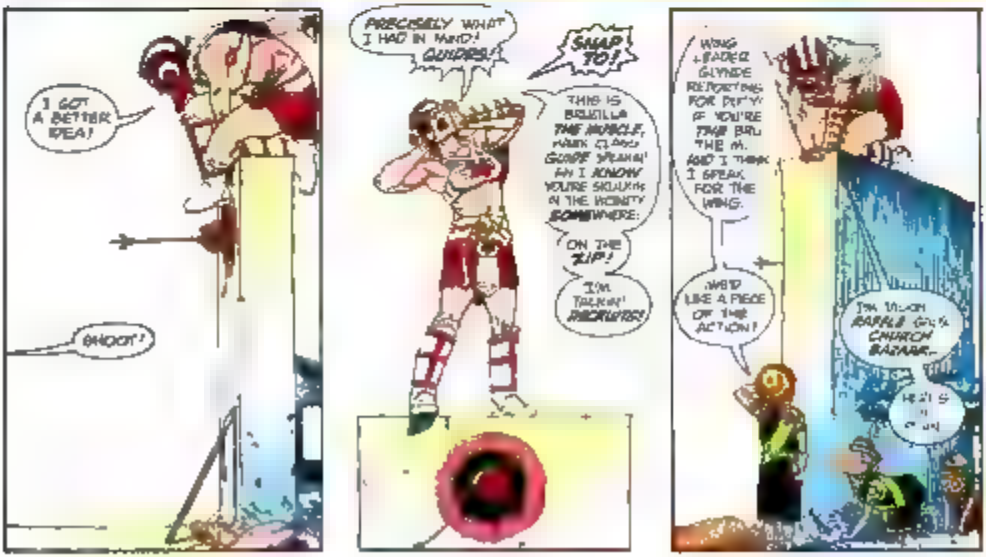
I THINK I SAID "AMBROSIE"
HOLD IT, BUB
WHAT BUSINESS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS GLITZ BALLOTHER MAN THE OBNOXIOUS

...YOU KNOW. THE BEST LAID SCHEMES I HAD BAD PLANS, CAP. BUT THEY FELL THROUGH... SO TO SPEAK.
WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A PLATINUM-BEARING ASTEROID?!
AUNTIE THE WEIRD

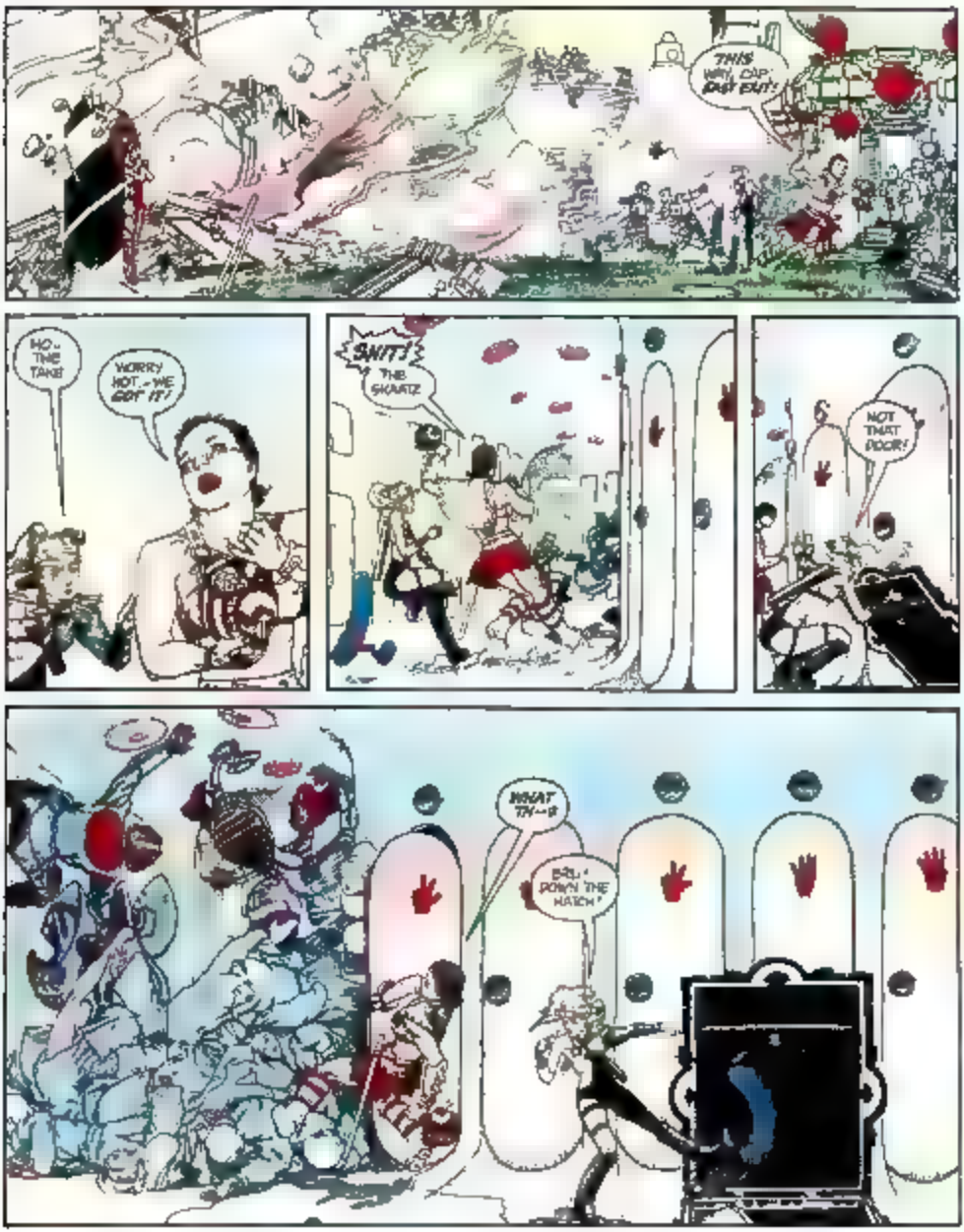
OH, YOUR WAY, SOLDIERS, THERE ARE CHUMPS TO BE HAD, BUT NOT IN MY AREA OF THE GALAXY.
THAT'S TELLIN' EM, CAP
NO HARD FEELINS GALS
"TRUTH, AS FAR AS IT GOES." HUH?

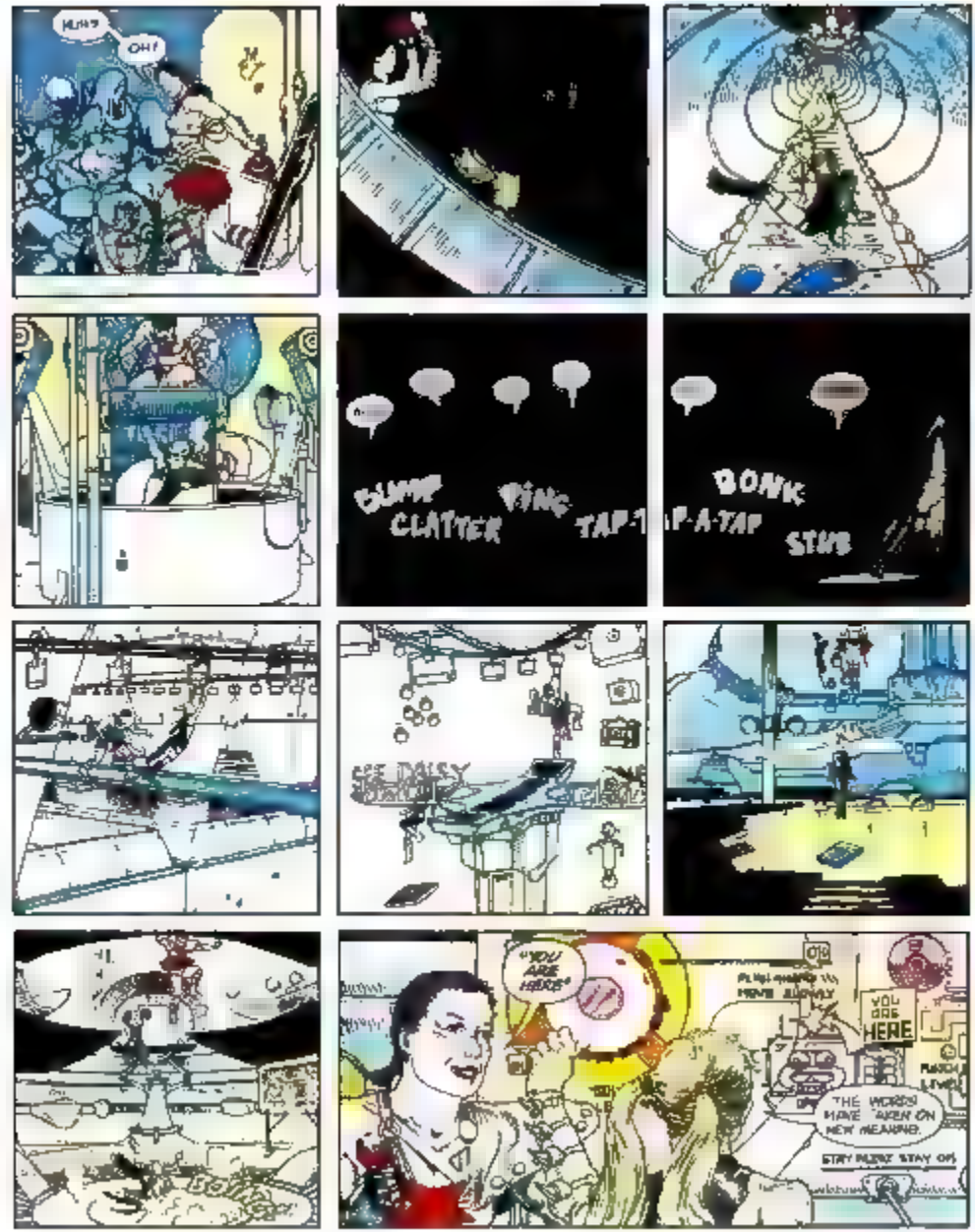
POINT THE CARE CAP. WHEN DO WE EAT?
SOON AS WE FINISH UP WITH THE MACGOT TO PAY THE NURSERY.
AN' THAT-WHILE WHO WOULD SI ABOUT
SOMETH N' D OF WE NEVER HEAR BRUCE'LL A L TUS PUT ON THE OLD NINJA CRY AN RUN
HOLD IT
PLAN

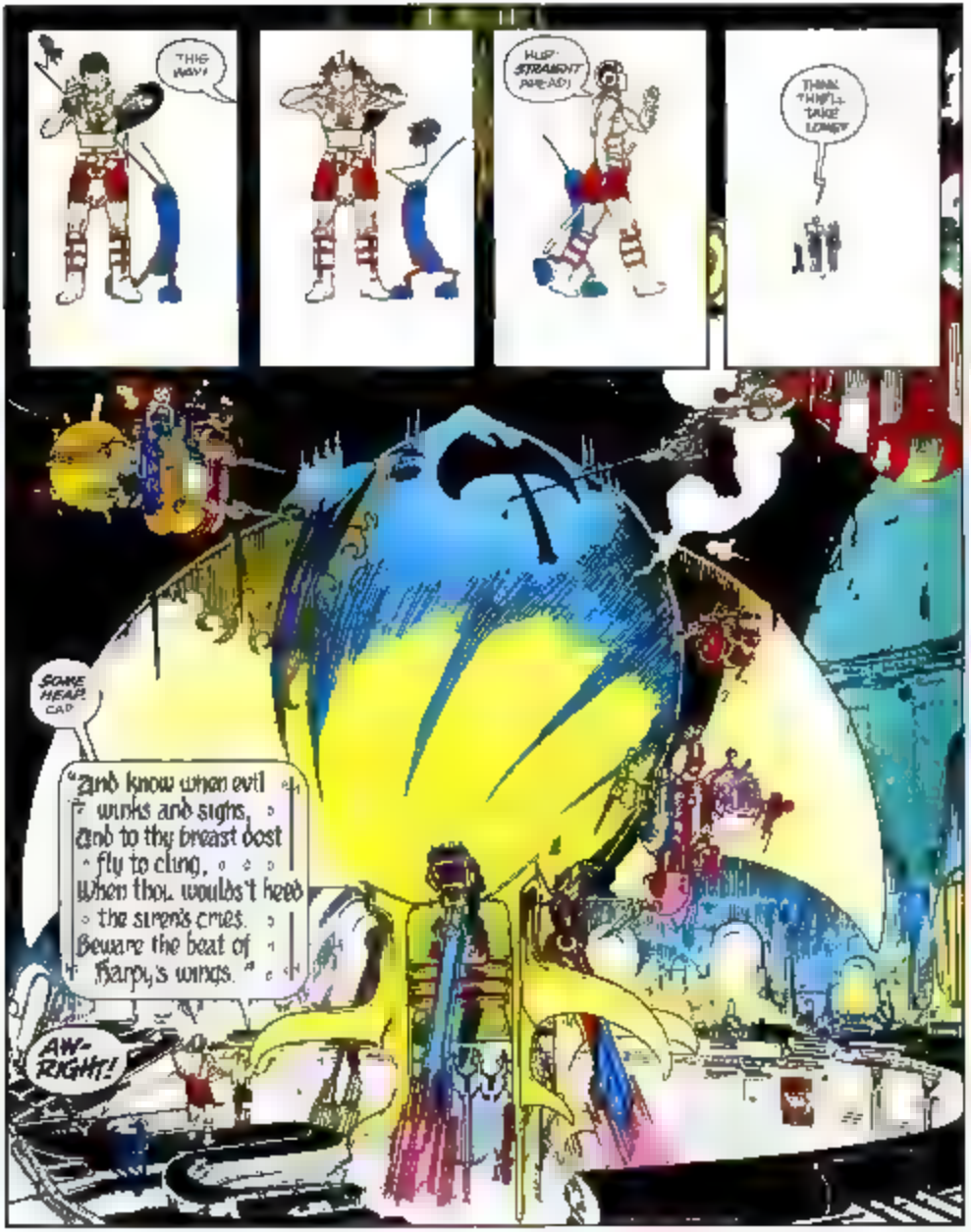

THE PLAN
THIS IS NOT EXACTLY THE PLAN I HAD IN MIND...
HOLD YOUR GROUND, BRU! TOUCHER WITH A YOUNG LADY!
ONE REBEL PARTNER.
A SHORT SHORT.
ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, CAP?
...STRAIGHTENS THE ARM...
TRUST ME.
SPLAT

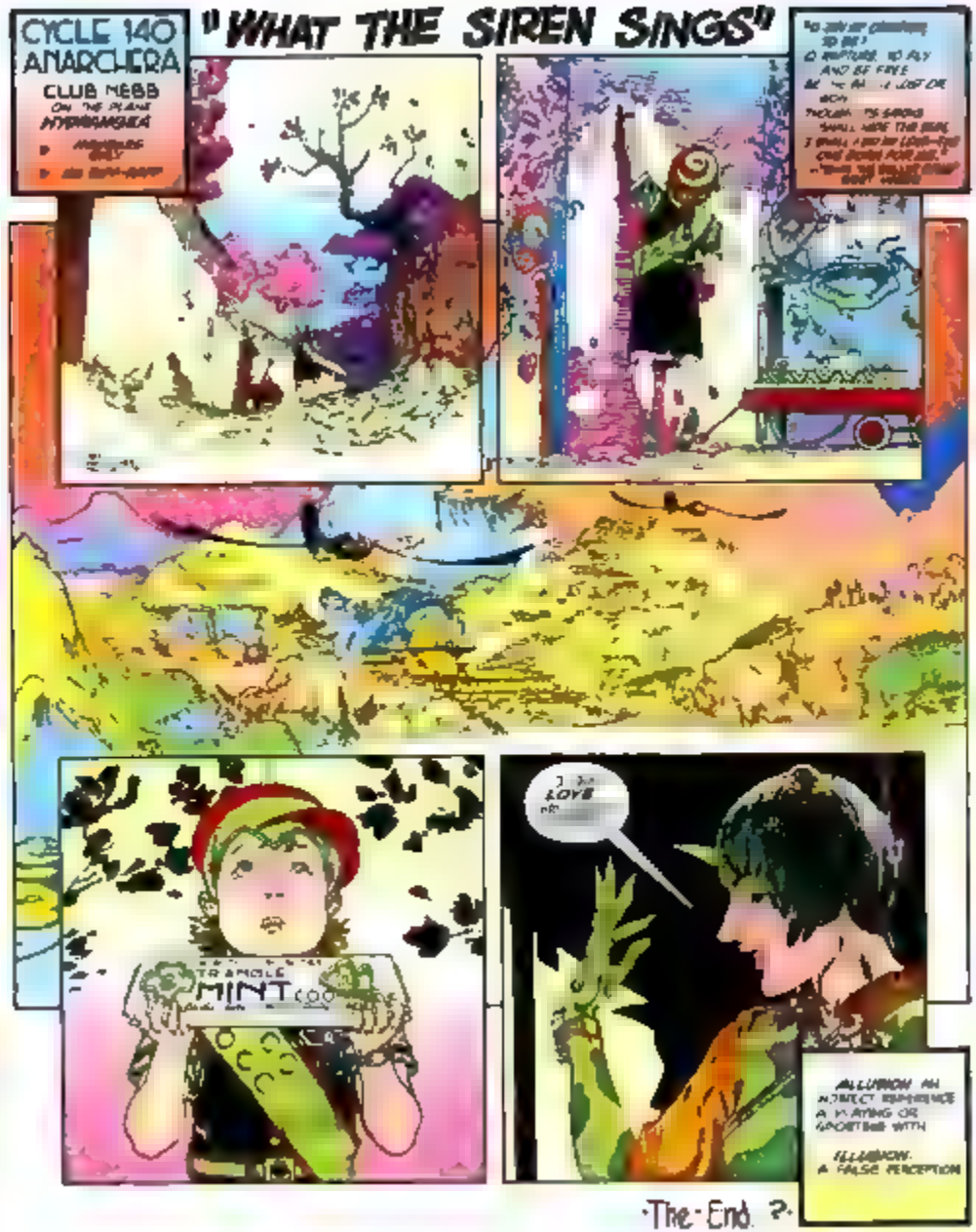

I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
BAHOOT!
PRECISELY WHAT I HAD IN MIND! GUIDERS!
SNAP TO!
THIS IS BRUELLA THE MUSCLE, HANK CLADD GLYNDE SPEAKIN! AH I KNOW YOU'RE SKULKIN IN THE VICINITY SOMEWHERE:
ON THE ZIP!
I'M TALKIN' RECRUITS!
WING LEADER GLYNDE REPORTING FOR DUTY! IF YOU'RE THAT BRU THE M. AND I THINK I SPEAK FOR THE WING.
WE'D LIKE A PIECE OF THE ACTION!
I'M WORKIN BARELY GOT CHURCH BAZAAR-
HEAT'S

THE PLAN

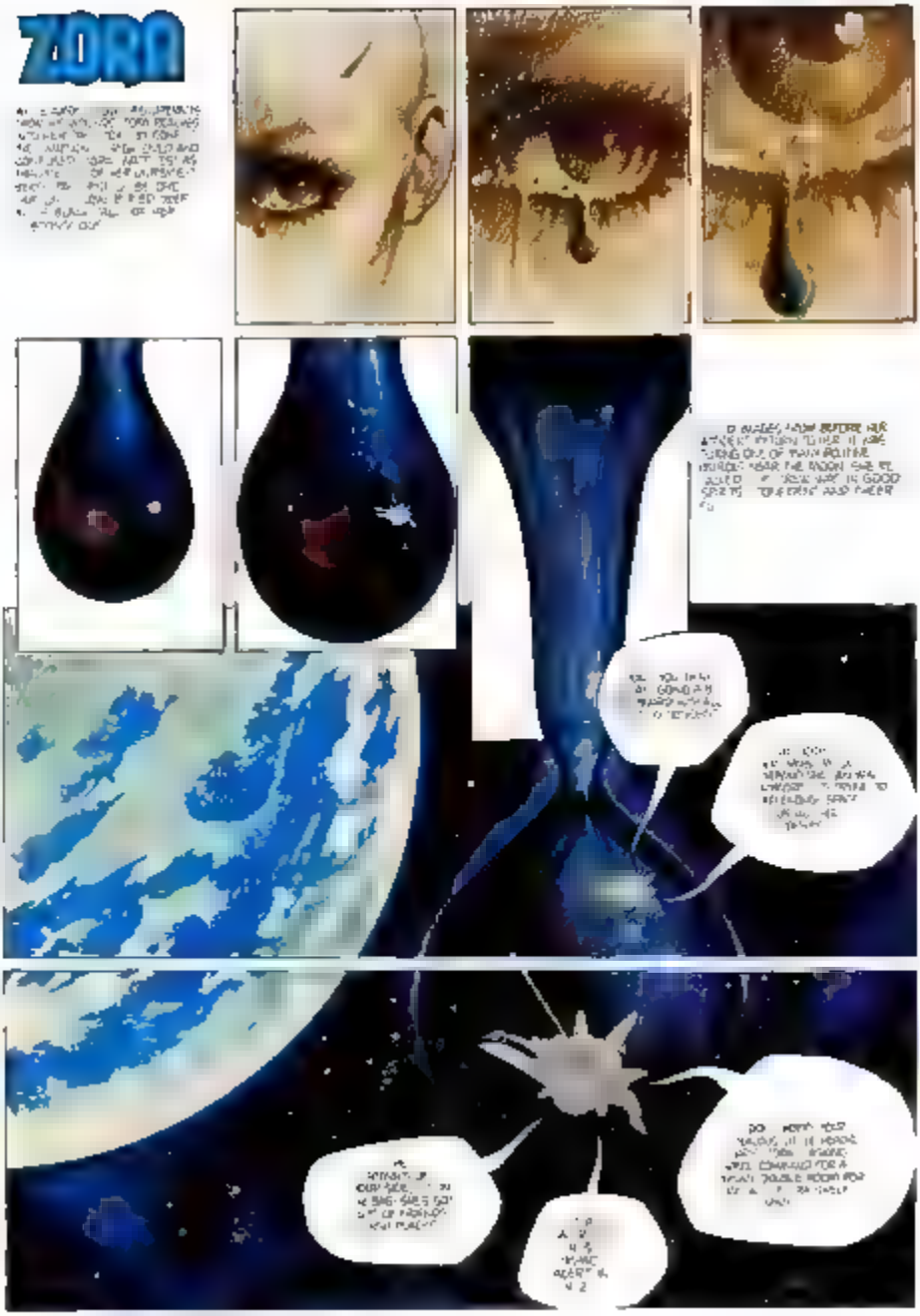

THIS WAY, CAP. OUT EXIT!
NO. THE TAKE!
WORRY NOT. - WE GOT IT!
SHIT!
THE SKRATZ
NOT THAT DOOR!
WHAT TH--?
BOL, DOWN THE HATCH!


HUH?
OH!
BUMP
CLATTER
PING
TAP-T
BONK
P-A-TAP
STUB
"YOU ARE HERE"
YOU ARE HERE
THE WORDS HAVE TAKEN ON NEW MEANING
STAY HERE STAY ON


THIS WAY!
HUH? STRAIGHT AHEAD!
THINK THING'LL TAKE LONG?
SOME HEAP CAD
"And know when evil winks and sighs, And to thy breast bost fly to cling, When thou wouldst heed the siren's cries. Beware the beat of Harpy's wings."
AW-RIGHT!


CYCLE 140
ANARCHERA
CLUB NEBB
"WHAT THE SIREN SINGS"
TRIPLE MINT
LOVE
ILLUSION AN INDIRECT REFERENCE A MISTAKING OR GROPING WITH
ILLUSION A FALSE PERCEPTION
The End ?

ZORA



GODDESS ARE WE AND IT
LUA ALTEA AND LANA...LOOK LIKE THEY'VE TURNED TO STONE

A NUMBER OF ... MISSILES WERE DISPATCHED ...
AND AS IF IN A SLOW MOTION MOVIE, JORA SAW HIM INTERCEPT
THEN HEADED TOWARD THE DEFENSELESS BODIES OF ALYSA AND ...
JORA, INSTINCTIVELY, STILL HAD FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT. SOMETHING TOLD HER THAT THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF EVERYTHING AROUND HER WAS ABNORMAL
AND THAT SOMEHOW SHE COULD MOVE AT A GREAT SPEED. THIS "SOMETHING" WAS ALSO MAKING HER ACT AND PLOT.
THE FLUID PRESSURE ... AND AT ... THE ENVIRONMENT ... WITH ...
WE CAN HIDE IN CHAMBER AND THE SUIT. IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO GET THERE
MY BODY CRIES IF I SURVIVE, I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!
SO I'M NOT FROM EARTH!
IN THE END SHE MET THE ... DATE WITH CERTAIN ... SHE ... HER ...
MR. NEGATOR AND THE HOMEBOYS CHAMPION CHIMPO!
AND SHE THE ... MOST EASY GOING POET

WHAAM

A glimpse at Ray Bradbury's new book

Dinosaur Tales

A
of us to name, in order of importance, our Most Favor
ite Subjects in All the History of the World
Dinosaurs," I cried. Followed swiftly by, "Egypt. Tutan
khamen. Mummies.
To bolwark my selections, I recounted a short tale about
day night. Payment for same?
Free tickets for *King Kong* and *The Mummy*.
When I had finished saying all this, there was an instant
revision of Lists at our table. Men and women, of all sizes
s, colors and ages, had to agree I had hit on Subjects
pecially Ou
For as I put it to my friends
At this very instant, a stranger rushed into this room
crying, 'My God, there's a dinosaur outside! what would you
Run out," everyone admitted, "and look

were absolutely sure it
e, though, you would leap and run
come back in the world.
In fact," I added, turning to a

happened. got everyone in dis
such a television special, and
dinosaurs were just about the
but the network executive never
ck. I think he awoke the next morn

He read the tale and sympathize
k the melancholy cry
yet another lost beast. Hu
the whole and called me o
Moby Dick.
What Huston sensed, of course
influence

with my friend, and we agreed he
I was to grow up and dialogue them. And it

the was

Fleet Street with Hogarth, or frolic in Louis' court with Callot. I was satisfied by nothing less than story, symbol, metaphor as found in all their works. Goya drove me to war and sat with me at bullfights, rode me on witch-brooms, and I was never the same after reeling out of some twentieth century art galleries as one fresh from a Chinese dinner, wondering why I was hungry an hour later.

It follows then that when Byron Preiss showed me illustrated samples of these glorious beasts, I could not resist. The ghost of Harold Foster, who drew Tarzan for six years back in the early 1930s spoke to me. It said: Remember my dinosaurs that trudged your midnight bed and flew your ceiling skies. The ghosts of the creators of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon said just about the same thing. My comic collections, still gathered and waiting in my basement, fifty years later, reminded me of my first art-oriented passions. Duane Tenggren and Rackham saved this child from the crib on. No wonder I cried, "Aye!" when I saw the work by Bil Sienkiewicz, Moebius, David Wiesner, Overton Loyd, Kenneth Smith and Gahan Wilson.

Dinosaur Tales is made up of *What If?* stories and poems. What if a dinosaur could not become enamored of a foghorn? What if we could travel in time and run back to hunt the prehistoric beasts? That last was an experiment I tried in 1950. I simply sat down to my typewriter one morning, with no idea where I would wind up, and hammered together a Time Machine, and shot my hunters back a few million years to see what would happen. Three hours later, after a butterfly had been stepped on, making it one of the first and unconscious ecology stories, "A Sound of Thunder" was done, the beast slain, and all political history changed forever.

Besides a Dinosaur, What'cha Ya Wanna Be When You Grow Up? evolved from a similar simplistic concept. Having been a boy who wanted to wake up one morning with dragon wings, I simply tossed the shuttle into my typewriter and let the aging boy span out his possibly frightful dream.

As for the dinosaurs dancing on the sandy shore? I have attended the ballet at least four hundred times in my life and have seen quite a few lumbering beasts. Beyond that, my frolicsome animals are probably first cousins to the hippo-ostriches, and alligators that outraged us to joy, long ago, in *Fantasia*.

And as for my future plans? I am writing the libretto for a space-traveling opera titled *Leviathan 99*. In it I move the Moby Dick mythology beyond the stars. The opera dramatizes the arrival of a Great White Comet that visits our basement part of the universe once each forty years. My equivalent of Ahab, the captain of a star ship, goes out to attack the Comet which destroyed his sight when he was a young man new to space. The opera is, of course, dedicated to Melville. In it, the Beast may have changed its form, but not its essence, its terror, its magnificent beauty. Deep in its incredible soul, it speaks with the heart of a boy who fell in love with just such beasts and wanted to run and live with them, fifty-seven years ago.

The boy shouted one word. The Great White Comet merely echoes it:

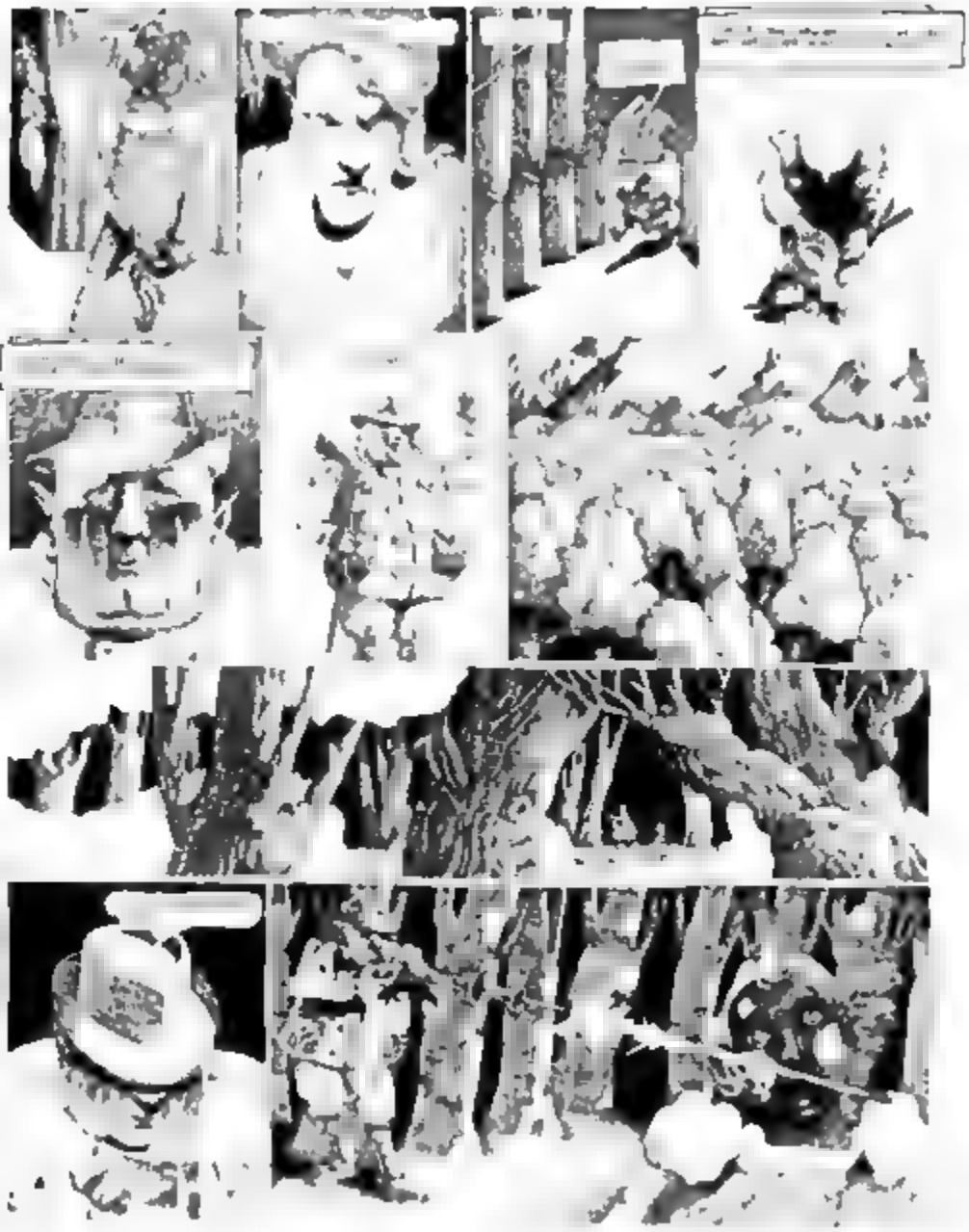
Dinosaurs, of course.

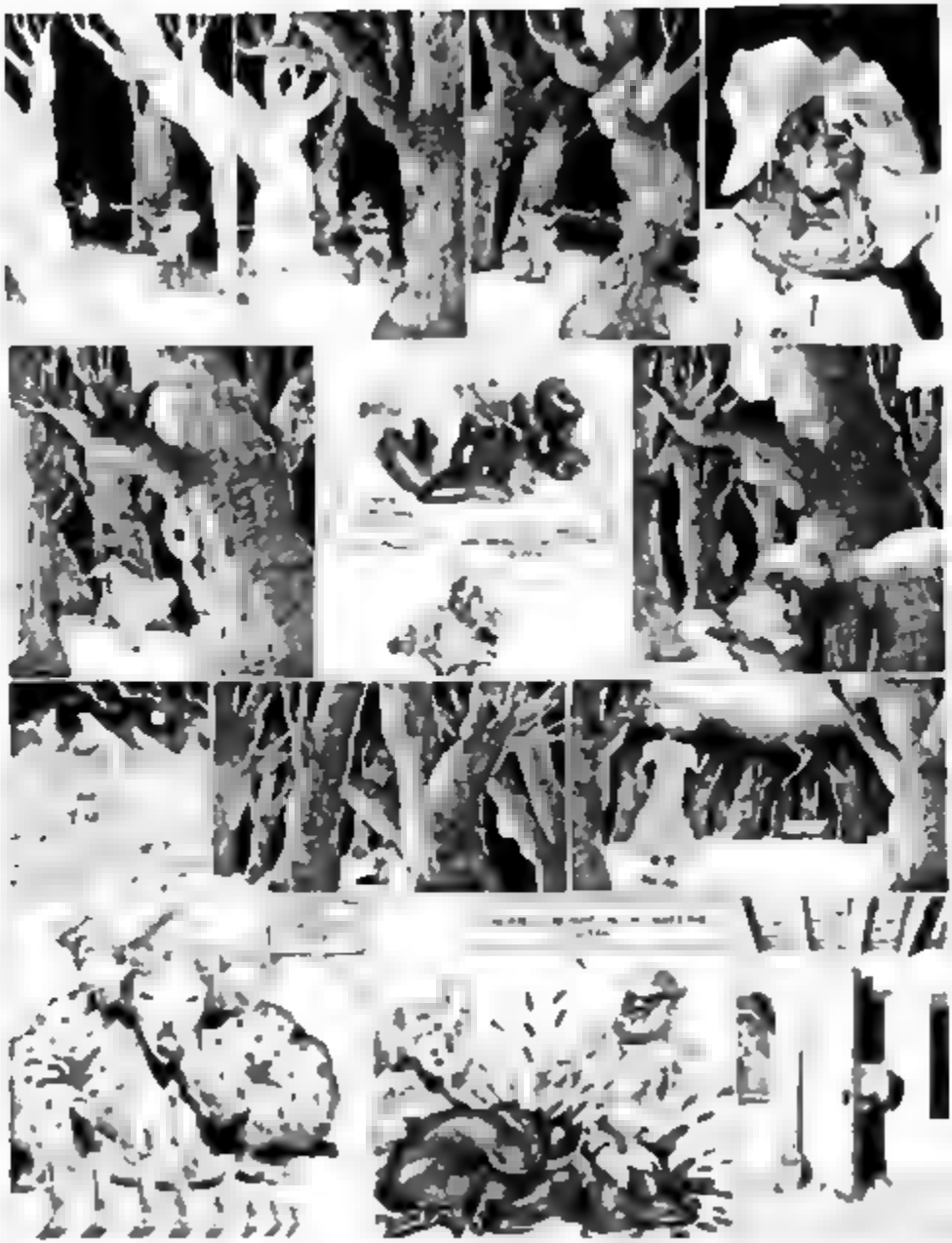
Dinosaurs.

—*Ray Bradbury*

ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT STINKY

SNOW WHITISH
(she's a little off-color 'cause she's got a cold)





HA HA HA HA HA

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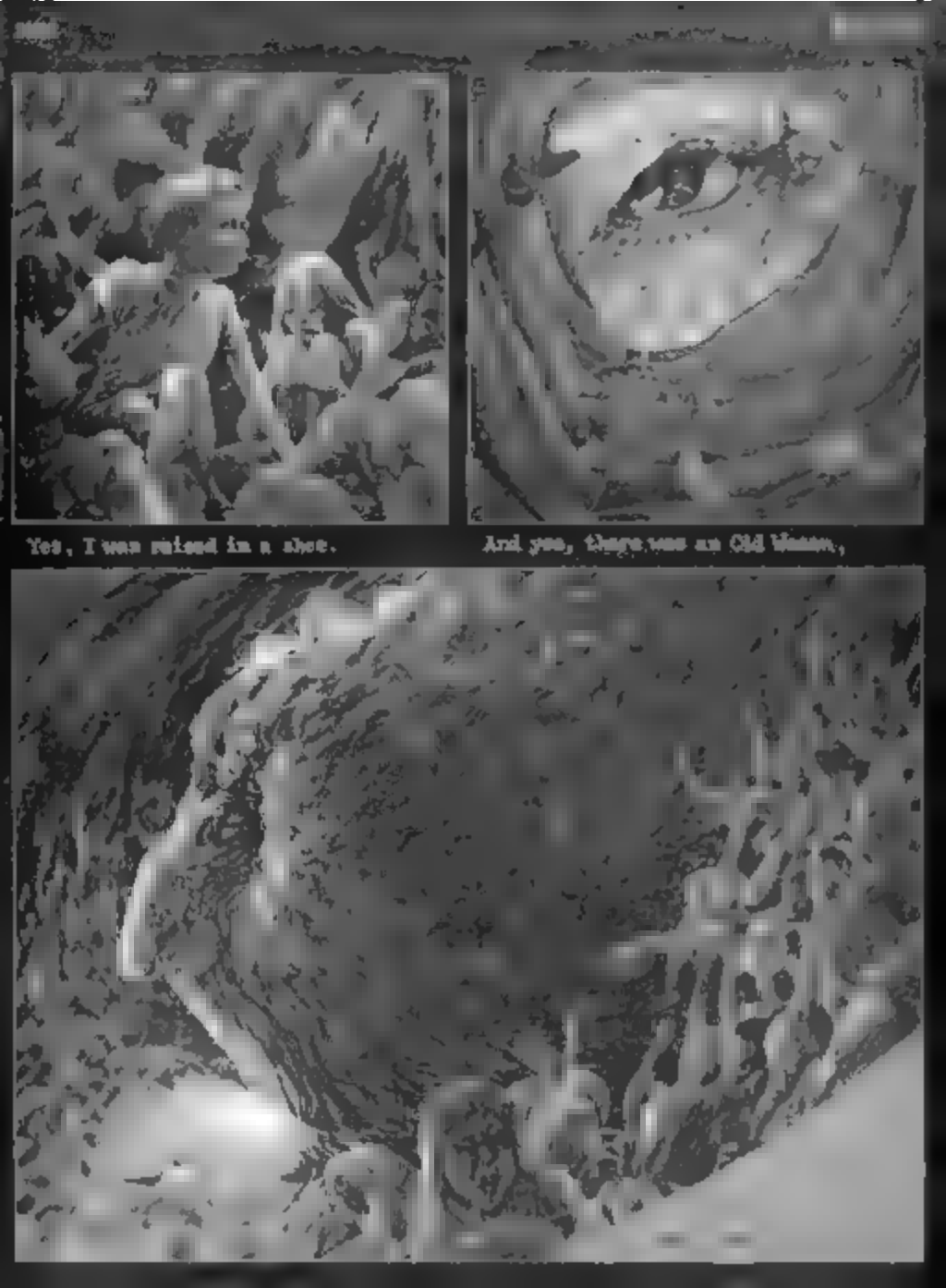
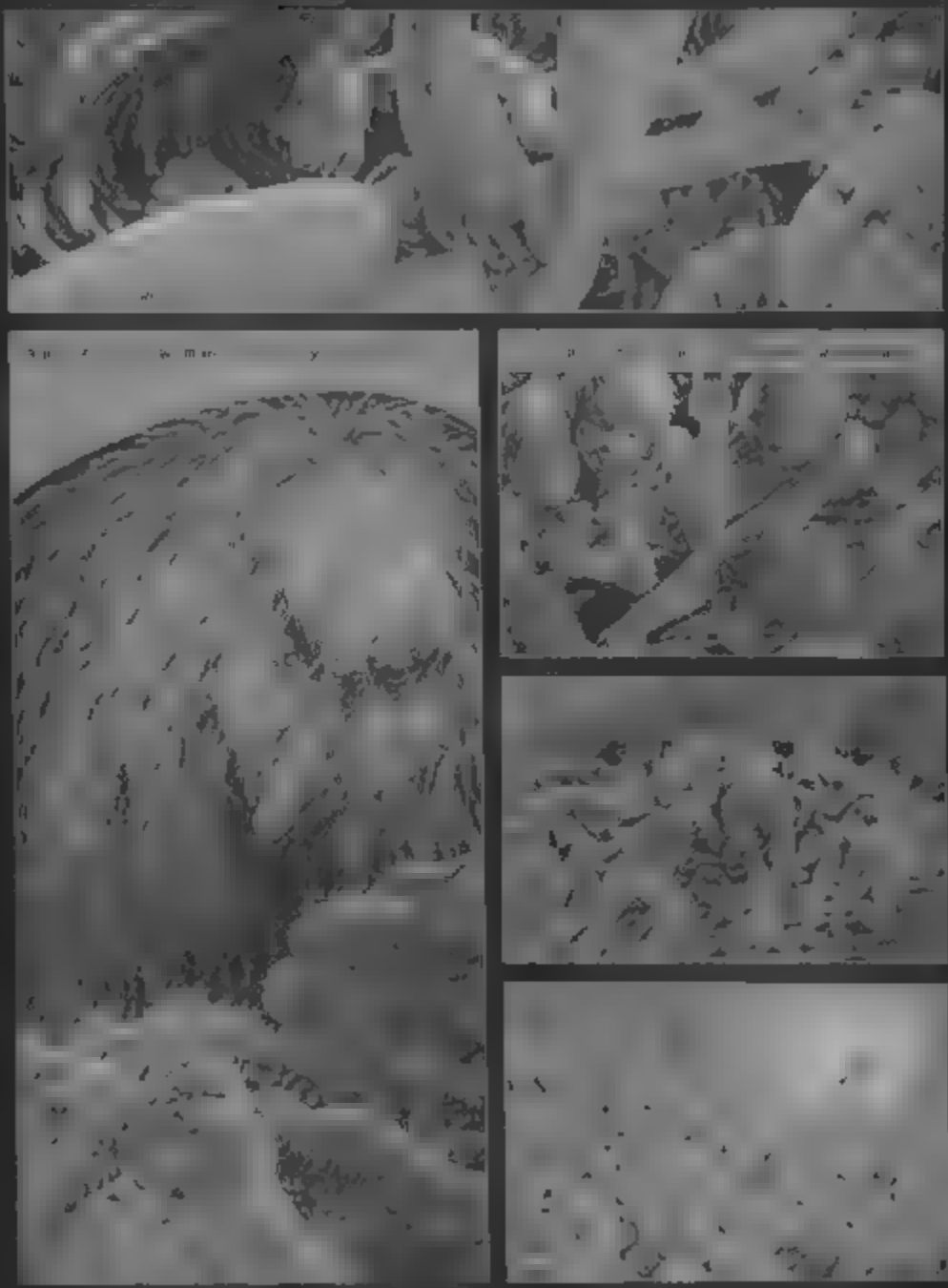
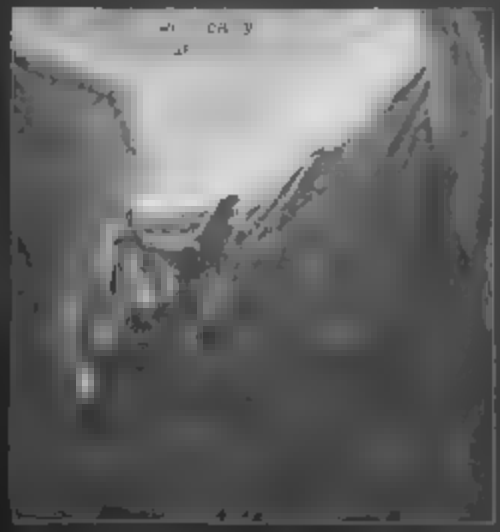
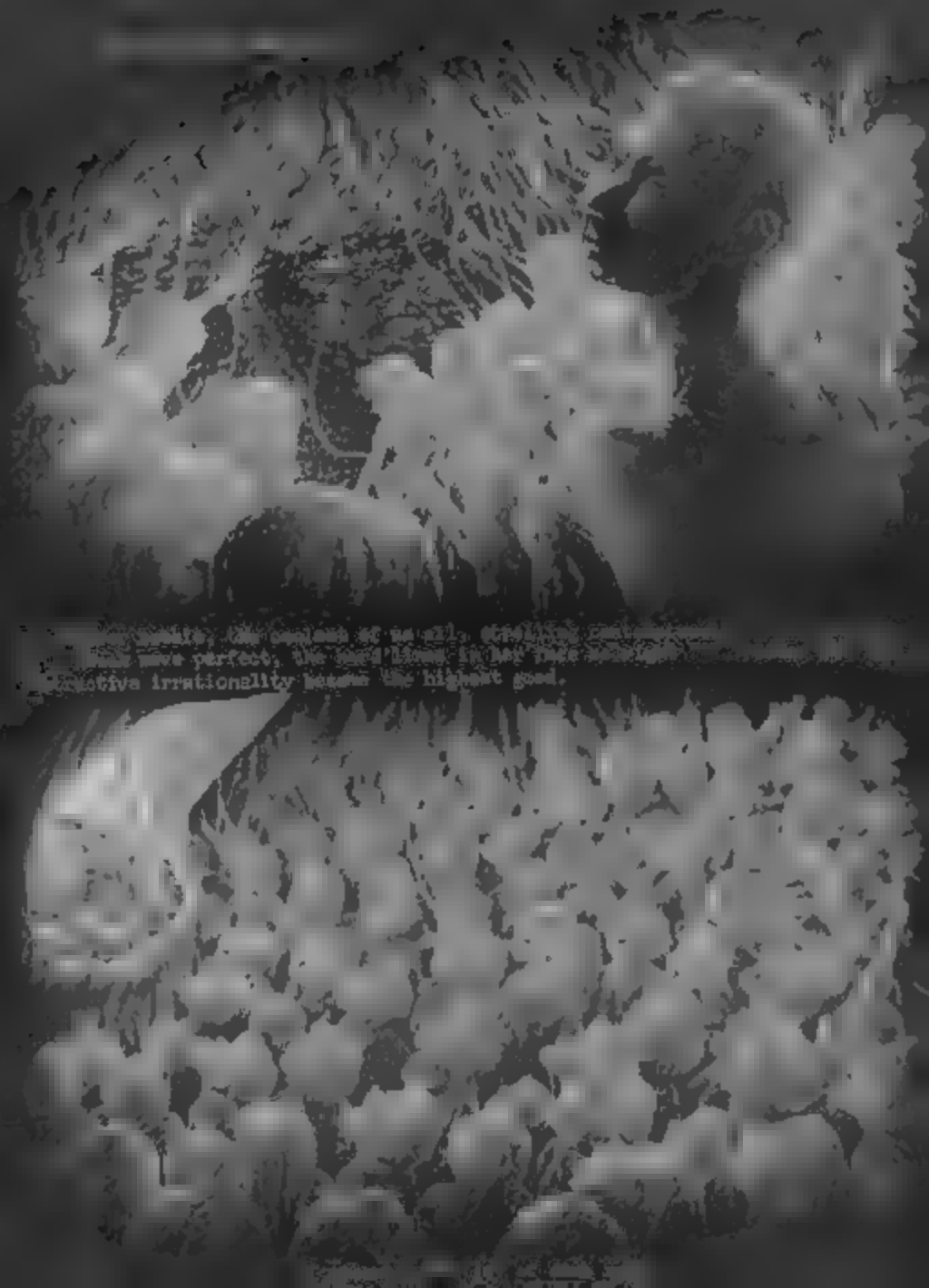

Yes, I was raised in a shoe.
And yes, there was an Old Woman,

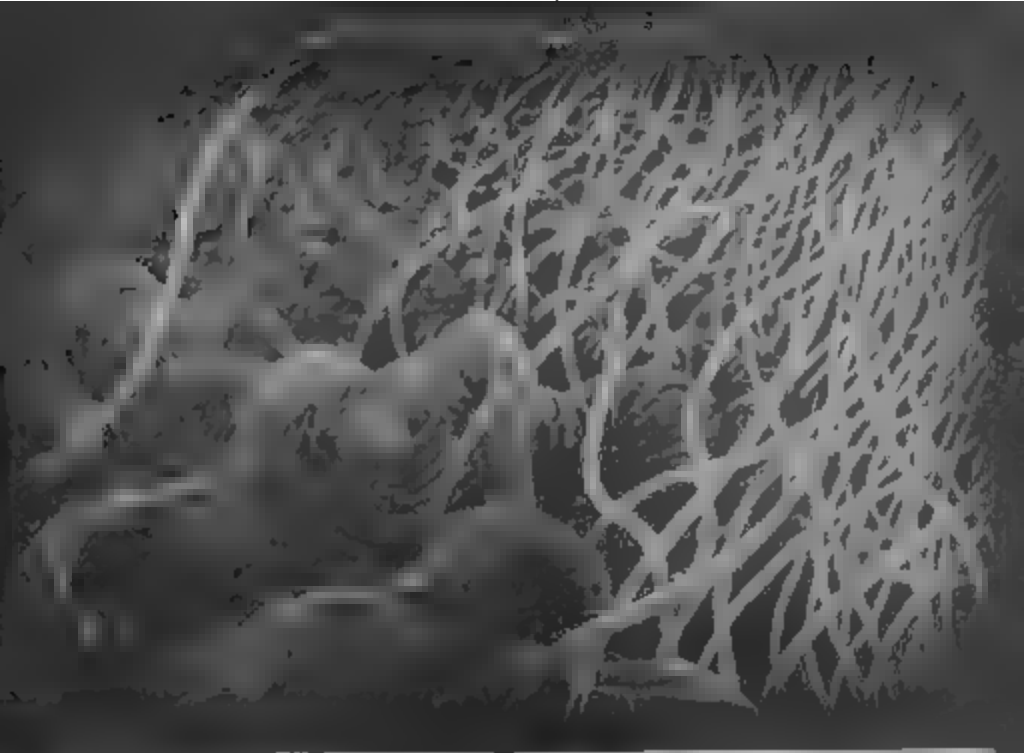




I ran through the rich fields, met my love and followed the Rules of Rapture.

return to the shade





·hey
·f I return · just

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#9/DECEMBER 77 [illegible]

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...ons. What Is Really Real? and The Ambassador of the Shadows centers on Dru the Ambassador of Slaughter's castle Stormwater walls Plus Harlan Ellison's ever-ready say on the state of America.

#81/APRIL 81 An end to the Valley Cohens Bloodstar Dreadful's Good-bye Scheer marry Nesbit's Stunned Rom Landon and an interview with Julio Roberto Cruz There are more but it's time to get the list.

#80/MAY 80 Premiers of Chris Cody Starbuck and Billy the Immortal Kid! Plus Sky Jones The Old Bridge and William S. Burroughs on everything.

#81/JUNE 8 The 10 part of the Richard Corben interview in the mag's acquisition of Corben's pal Medea Harvest's Heroes winds up Plus Cara Lawyer Clipper and our part-time Warrior.

#82/JULY 8 Stephen King remakes it in The Blue Air Compressor Starwars's adaptation of Out and embargoes while Chris Moore's fantastic people of wizard's Blue.

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#85/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare for Americans Ted episode of Sir Gladiator's Warriors a gallery not but Derecho to Dreamer Plus Jeff Jones Bilal and Starwars.

#86/NOVEMBER 81 Jeremiah's Egg & the World Jeff Jones Sagendorf and B a Jo Metal the art c and Dune Chech beautifully.

#87/DECEMBER 8 Strange encounters with Dalgoda Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles and Gulbert Plus Egg and Ag m The Immortals Tale.

#88/JANUARY 82 Out Happy Future issue includes Ang Jo Bilal Vess the one Queen and The Autonomous Man by David Chute Jeff Jones and Barbara Al surrounded by Chaykin and Kamenkar Segrelles Sagendorf and

#89/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a whole adventure of John Dillon in The Ingel Egg! Wein and Chaykin Golden Fleece gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al

#90/MARCH 82 Oh 2nd Special Rock issue featuring Dick Manning & the The Man a exhibition Jeff Jones Segrelles and Corben Plus

Garcia's Nova 2 begins Eileen Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult Plus our regulars Mercenary Den Rock Doors ex Envoy

#91/APRIL 82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material What Am Classical Druids Medieval Bilal and an essay on S Bilal and you be busy with our staff.

#92/MAY 82 We're sure we give you the 'all clear' of David Brooks Third Sexual Revolution and do you look at The Kid of Da Ex Schwarzenegger Plus Shirelles and Vanilla Fudge Velvet Underground.

#93/JUNE 82 We bravely bring you an Fantastic Cities issue with artists Vess Jeff Schenk and A Crumb all surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Snyder Jodorowsky and Fernandez Ezquerra.

#94/JULY 82 Margaret and a comics strange Like all the Groups and pages from Corben's Fighter to Fantasy Plus Jones Gene's Druillet etc.

#95/AUGUST 82 We proudly present Jones and Weightman's Fegal Rhow and Plus and Manara's The Ape Plus the Ages of The Hick Light by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#96/SEPTEMBER 82 We give you Heavy Metal's Music & Beer Issue Jeff Jones's Barnum and Morgan's Object Plus our regulars Bilal Corben Druillet Sienkiewicz etc.

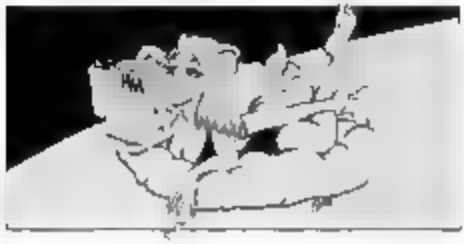
#97/OCTOBER 82 You Have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section! It has everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest sketches we've ever run! Don't miss it. P.S. Last part of Bilal's Third Sexual Revolution.

#98/NOVEMBER 82 Part of Kazuo Koike's Samurai Fantasy Terrorists continues in this Corben and Druillet's Voyage! Plus a peek at Wrightson's Necrom an issue's late Phenom.

#99/DECEMBER 82 A and Store Gallery the return of Suydam's Mudwog and Mars Fighting Amelia Mars! Plus our regulars Corben Fernandez and Richie Pepoy.

#100/JANUARY 83 We bring the strange conclusion to Wrightson's Pepoy Show a look at the Dark Crystal and our regulars Moebius Corben Fernandez etc Happy reading.

#101/FEBRUARY 83 The making of the film The Entity Jim Beckwith Earth Rock and our regulars Corben Nebula epics etc.



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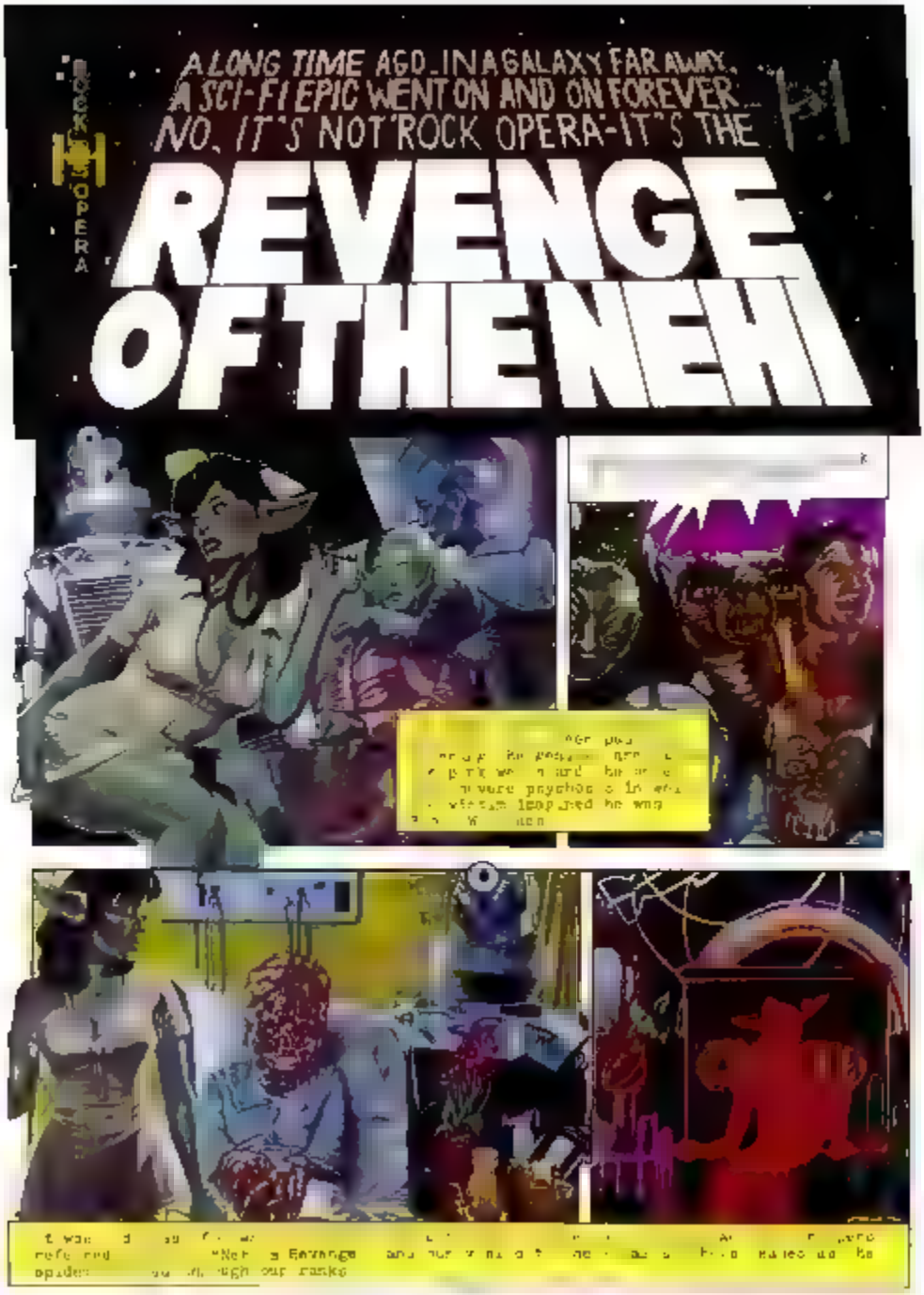
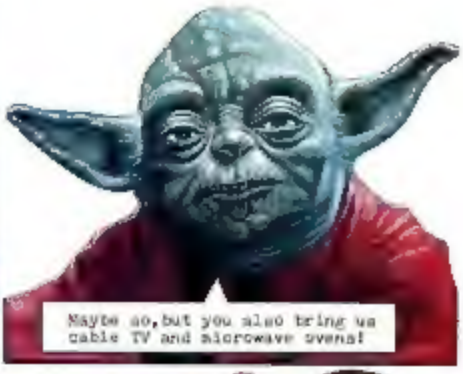

ROCK OPERA
A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR AWAY...
A SCI-FI EPIC WENT ON AND ON FOREVER...
NO, IT'S NOT ROCK OPERA-IT'S THE
REVENGE OF THE NERD

Even those seemingly unaffected will succumb to it and
Soon you'll be nobody
You can spend the rest of your life in the sun
Sof? For all I know, you've suddenly gone gay!
It was believed that all would come from the diseased because of embarrassed
All brave men could see the break down of our armies as our patriots dedicated our people deserted
Only to blow apart in the sunlight



And as the fly-car parted the crowd,we could see that they were carrying huge flouts depicting TV sets and spaceships,like some cargo-cult.
There's just one thing, Marty--why didn't you catch the disease? I thought you said you scored.

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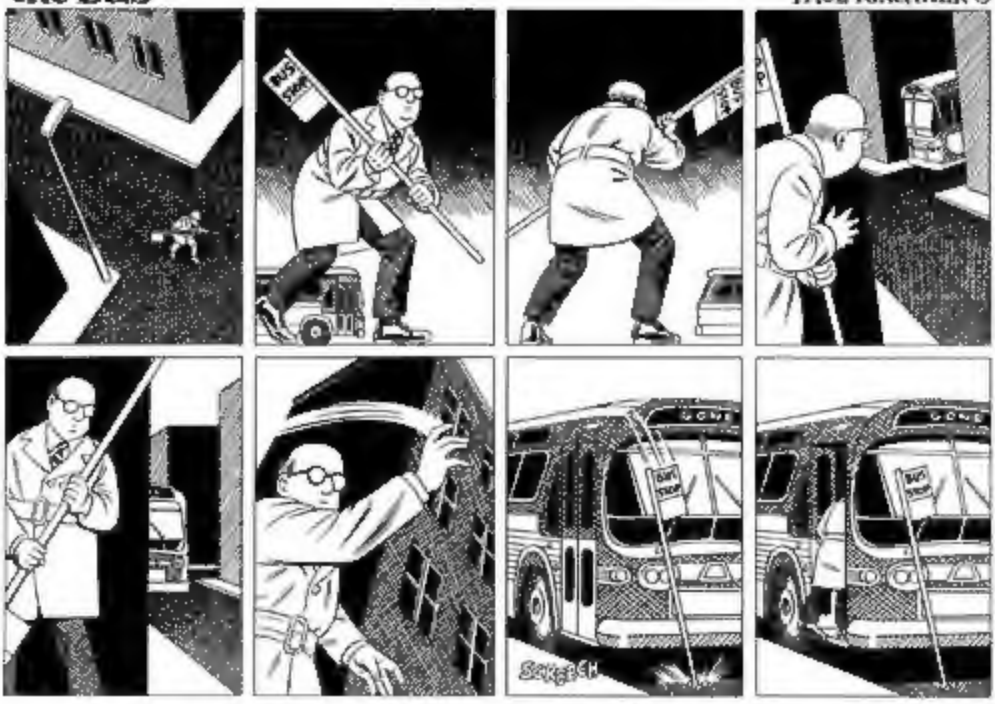
To be continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



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Kaluta's STARSTRUCK comes to a close!
And a peek at Bradbury's DINOSAUR TALES!